

Smashing Cervera's Fleet—See Our Magnificent Double-page and Other Illustrations.  
Read Clinton Ross's Prophetic Battle Tale, "The Ghost in the Fleet."



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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE HEROIC DASH OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

IN THE FACE OF A GALLING FIRE, THEY DRIVE OUT THE SPANISH AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET, AND WIN A BRILLIANT VICTORY  
IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## How War Expenses Have Been Met.

THERE is a general, but entirely erroneous, idea that taxation under the new revenue law recently passed will be a heavier burden on the people than that imposed by most of the other wars. The puny Continental Congress could not tax the individual States. Therefore there was no revenue system during the war of the Revolution. Congress issued a currency instead, which depreciated to such an extent that in 1781, at the end of the war, \$1,000 in this currency exchanged for one dollar in gold or silver, and prices, estimated in this currency, rose in proportion. One of the first tasks of Congress in 1789, after the government under the Constitution came into being, was the passage of the Tariff act, and a revenue system, often elaborate and intricate, has been in operation ever since.

In 1812 all the existing duties were doubled as a war measure, and internal taxes were levied. About \$89,000,000 was borrowed at various rates, chiefly at six per cent., and treasury-notes to the extent of \$39,000,000, bearing five and two-fifths per cent. interest, were issued. During the war of 1846-8, with Mexico, \$50,000,000 was borrowed, principally at six per cent., and \$34,000,000 of treasury-notes were issued, most of them bearing five and two-fifths per cent. interest. The tariff in operation at that time was the Walker act, the rates of which were low, but the per capita wealth of the country—the aggregate value of the country's property per unit of the population—was only about \$300 then, while it is over \$1,000 now, and consequently the tax burden was heavier than the present one will be.

In the Civil War days, when the country in the aggregate was comparatively small and poor, when the drain for the support of the army and navy was far greater than it is now, and when only a little over half the country—the Union States—had to meet the war's financial demands, the burden of the support of the government was immensely greater than it will be in the present instance. It would be tedious to make any detailed comparison between the external (the customs) and the internal taxes of 1898 and of the Civil War days. Moreover, the classification and the character of the taxes are different now from what they were at that time, and direct comparison, therefore, would be difficult and unsatisfactory. The following table will furnish a clearer idea of the relative burden of taxation in the two periods than any comparison of customs and taxes would afford:

	1861-5.	1898.
Proportion of duties received to value of imported goods of all sorts, free and dutiable, per cent.....	44	22
Per capita amount of duties received, per year.....	\$5.30	\$2.70
Per capita amount of internal revenue receipts, per year.....	9.30	3.70
Per capita wealth of the country (census of 1860 and of 1890 respectively).....	514	1,039

That is to say, in the latter part of the Civil War period the duties paid bore twice as large a ratio to the value of the imported goods as they do under the Dingley act. The amount of the duties which each person, on the average, paid was much more than twice as much then (in 1865) as it is in 1898. Each person paid nearly three times as much in internal taxes then as he will at present, the internal taxes under the Dingley law and those under the war-revenue bill recently passed being added together (the receipts under the war tax bill being the estimates of its framers). Finally, as shown by the per-capita wealth of the country at both dates, each person in the United States is, on the average, more than double as well able to pay a high tax, if he had to pay it, in 1898 as he was in 1861-5.

## A Level-headed

## Commander-in-chief.

THE most remarkable feature of our war with Spain thus far has been the number of signal victories we have gained at a comparatively trifling loss to ourselves of life and property. Aside from the casualties suffered at the siege of Santiago, our losses have been inconceivably slight in comparison with results achieved. To have destroyed two of Spain's greatest fleets and obtained possession of two of her most important dependencies with the loss of only one man killed in battle is an achievement of war that almost surpasses belief. When to these facts we add the further consideration that our men on block-

ade duty and elsewhere in camp and field have thus far escaped almost entirely the dread diseases incident to life in the tropics, and that we have brought the enemy to the verge of dissolution at a cost, all told, of less than three hundred American lives, we may well believe that a merciful Providence has guided our course and shaped our leaders' councils. If that may be accounted, as we believe it ought to be, as the best and greatest generalship which gains the largest victories at the smallest expenditure of life and treasure, then surely we have reason to be justly proud of the men who are leading us in these eventful days.

And after we have given due praise and honor to our Deweys, Sampsons, Schleys, and all the heroic and noble souls who have fought our battles on land and sea, let us not forget how much of this success, with its attendant solicitude for human life, is due to the conservative and humane policy insisted upon from the beginning by the veteran soldier who by virtue of his office as President of the United States is also commander-in-chief of our army and navy. While President McKinley has been surrounded by able and trusted counselors to whom all proper deference has been paid in the shaping of plans and policies, it is known that the President himself has been at the front of affairs all the time, exercising to the full every function of his great office. The general policy pursued by our military and naval forces has been his policy, and to him more than to any other man is due not only the successes which our arms have achieved, but the manner of their achievement.

The chief criticism aimed at the President in his conduct of the war is that he has been too kind-hearted. A writer in a current English periodical speaks of him as "a kind-hearted gentleman who sets a very high value upon human lives and does not propose to sacrifice any more of them than he can possibly help." This is not intended as a compliment so much as an intimation that the President lacks the force, aggressiveness, and coldly calculative spirit requisite for a successful military chieftain. But the progress of events has entirely robbed this criticism of its force.

The President may plead guilty to the charge of being kind-hearted, but so could Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. He labored long and earnestly to avert hostilities, but after the dire alternative was forced upon him by the action of Spain he prosecuted the war with all the vigor consistent with a settled policy to avoid needless sacrifices of life and property. In this the President has displayed the same careful judgment and the same cautious spirit which led him in his Presidential campaign to insist upon the reading in advance of every address made to him by visiting delegates at his home at Canton. It is this that caused him to stand like a rock against the clamorous demands of the thoughtless and impulsive, who wanted war declared before the country was ready for it, and who were crying, "On to Havana!" before a single regiment was prepared for action. But time has given a swift vindication to the course adopted by the President and his Cabinet. Theirs may not have been the war policy that commended itself to some newspaper strategists eager for sensations, nor to warriors of the "blood and iron" school to whom human suffering was a matter of no consideration; but in the judgment of an enlightened and thinking world it has been a policy most befitting a great Christian nation, and one that will gain for President McKinley increasing fame and glory as the years roll on.

## A Battle Vision.

HARK! the thunderclap of battle;  
See the streaks of rushing fire;  
Hear the smaller rifles rattle;  
See the smoke-puffs rising higher.

Now opponents are out singling,  
And the floating worlds of steel  
Death and terror fast are mingling,  
Hot with firing, deck to keel.

Now from out the depth of water  
Suddenly a phantom form  
Rises to the scene of slaughter,  
In the midst of iron storm.

See the gallant, well-remembered,  
As she turns upon the foe;  
See the brave, the well-remembered,  
As she scatters death and woe.

All her phantom guns are belching,  
And the sailors that were slain,  
Ceaseless send the shot avenging  
From the port-holes of the *Maine*.

Soon the foeman's ships are sinking;  
And the ever-greedy sea,  
Like a horrid monster drinking,  
From the battle sets them free.

Then the phantom-ship is turning;  
Like a storm cloud on the air,  
Spectral sides, still glowing, burning,  
Swift she leaves the battle glare.

Thus the dead shall fight and conquer,  
And the dead, tho' still and cold,  
Well-remembered by their comrades,  
Yet shall battle as of old.

Thus the dead shall fight and conquer;  
For the martyred blood they gave  
Makes their brother-tars, with gladness,  
Welcome an avenging grave.

CHARLES LATIMER MOSHER.

## A Warning.

INFORMATION has been conveyed to us that a man representing himself as the agent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and giving the

name of F. Schamberg, is taking subscriptions for a German edition of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in the vicinity of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The German edition of this journal has not been published for over two years. F. Schamberg is not an authorized agent of any of our publications, and we would be gratified if we could receive information of his whereabouts, that we might hand him over to the proper authorities for the punishment he deserves.

## Notable War Stories.

We publish to-day the first of a series of six "Battle Tales," by Clinton Ross, one of the ablest story writers of our time. There was certainly a providence in the utter destruction of Cervera's fleet by Admiral Sampson, and the story we print to-day, captioned "The Ghost in the Fleet," has a singular significance in connection with the remarkable achievement of our navy. The stories which will follow from time to time, as we may find room for their publication, are entitled as follows:

"The Volunteer."  
"The Little Ensign."  
"The Redemption of Mr. Trilany."  
"The Heart of the Queen."  
"The Dream of Empire."

We are sure that our readers will be delighted with these latest and best stories from the gifted pen of Mr. Ross. They are especially appropriate in connection with the excitement attending the war.

## The Plain Truth.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY published the first complete extra of the *Maine* disaster, and has followed up that hit with more and better war pictures than any other illustrated weekly.—*Norwich (Connecticut) Post*.

Judging from the results of their marksmanship, the gunners on board the Spanish war-ships seem to be afflicted with chronic *mal de mer*. It is only on land that our friends the enemy hit anything. If all the belligerent forces on both sides could now be drawn into battle on the sea we might come out of this unpleasantness without any further damage worth mentioning.

Two universities have thus far conferred honorary degrees upon Admiral Dewey—Princeton and the University of Western Pennsylvania. This is entirely proper, but the admiral ought not to be loaded up too much with such dignities. He is a modest man, as all true heroes are, and we may not have the pleasure of seeing him again on *terra firma* if we prepare to fire so many honors at him. The proudest title the admiral will wear, after all, will be the one conferred upon him by the American people, and designated by the letters H. and M.—the Hero of Manila. He will have to accept that, no matter what he thinks about it.

Ex-President Harrison is as felicitous in his speech-making now as he was during the eventful period preceding his first election. In addressing the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of New Jersey, recently, he referred to the war with Spain and pointed out a few of its lessons. Briefly recapitulated, these lessons are: The war has taught all Europe to look upon America with a respect never before manifested toward us. The world has been taught that, ship for ship and man for man, the American navy is a match for any navy in the world. The thoughtless political agitators of this country have been taught that the New York millionaire can rush on to victory shoulder to shoulder with the cowboy of Arizona. And finally, and best of all, we have been taught that, in the language of the ex-President, "the man who wore the gray uniform in 1862 can charge the Spanish foe with the men from New York and Massachusetts who wore the blue."

The map of the United States must be enlarged. The passage by Congress of the Hawaiian annexation resolution signalizes the prompt transfer of the Hawaiian Islands to the control of the United States. The Hawaiian or the Sandwich Islands were discovered by Captain Cook over a century ago. From a state of cannibalism, under the influence of Christian teachers, they have grown into an enlightened republic. There are eight islands in the group, with a total area of 6,640 miles and a population of a little over 100,000, only one-third of which are natives, while nearly half are Japanese and Chinese. The largest island, Hawaii, has an area of 4,300 square miles, and Honolulu, the capital of the group, on the island of Oahu, has about 30,000 inhabitants. The history of the Sandwich Islands affords the best evidence of the splendid achievement of foreign missions, but with the American flag waving over our new possession, it will cease forever to be a part of the foreign missionary field.

Seldom has a more terrible tale come from the sea than that told by the survivors of the magnificent French line steamer, the *Bourgoigne*, which was sunk in a collision in the fog off the coast of Newfoundland early on the morning of July 4th. Of 217 cabin passengers but eleven were saved, and only one woman was included in this limited number. This is a frightful revelation. The crew and the steerage took possession of the safety appliances, and like maniacs fought off helpless women and children who tried to clamber into life-boats to seek a chance of escape. The officers went down bravely with their boat, but it seems as if they should have used force to restrain the crew and the steerage passengers from seizing control of the life-rafts and boats. The *Bourgoigne* had twelve water-tight compartments, and it is inconceivable that it could have sunk so quickly unless the doors of these compartments were by criminal negligence left open. The French line has been extremely unfortunate, for this is the second great vessel it has lost with nearly all on board. Five hundred and eighty-four perished by the sinking of the *Bourgoigne*, and the facts in the case warrant a thorough and prompt investigation of the casualty. It would seem not difficult to fix the responsibility.



# THE HEROES OF OUR NAVY.

THE SPLENDID FIGHTERS WHO SMASHED CERVERA'S SPANISH FLEET.

No American can look upon the faces of the men pictured forth on this page without an all-pervading glow of pride and patriotic affection. These are the men whose superb courage, iron nerves, resourceful brains, and magnificent skill gave us that glorious victory the other day off the coast at Santiago. Here is the brave man who led the fight, Commodore Winfield



COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY, U. S. N., FORMERLY COMMANDER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.—Photograph by Bell.

Scott Schley. Here Evans, Philip and others who share the honors of that eventful day. Nothing that envious detractors may say can explain away the greatness and the brilliancy of their achievement. Spain sent some of the finest war-ships in the world against our fleet that day. They fought nobly but vainly, because they had no such men behind their guns as we had behind ours. We met them in a fair fight and we overwhelmed them swiftly and completely because we had the best fighters. And here they are, the leaders. Let the men of other lands who have affected to despise us as a naval Power look upon these faces and remember them and their deeds!

The destruction of Cervera's fleet was not an accident. It was an achievement of mind over matter. It was the greatest event in modern naval history. For the first time great battle-ships of modern construction were pitted against each other. Cervera's fleet included four great war-vessels of 7,000 tons each. Their armaments embraced a number of ten- and eleven-inch

guns. The American battle-ships were somewhat heavier, somewhat larger, and their armament included some thirteen-inch guns. But, as an offset to this, Cervera had behind him the great Spanish batteries on the heights of Santiago, properly manned and abundantly provided with ammunition.

The destruction of the Spanish fleet was therefore not entirely due to the odds against Cervera. It was not the ships, for he had some of the best. It was not the guns, for Cervera had some of the most formidable of modern make.

What was the cause, then, of his sudden, overwhelming defeat? It was the men; the gunners; the tactics of Schley and the captains of our vessels. It seems incredible that, with all their guns and with all their ships, the Spaniards did not seriously injure any of the American vessels, and that they killed but one of our seamen and wounded only two. In all the history of naval combats, nothing like this has ever before been chronicled, and it will be many years before such a record will be repeated. The historian of this war will dwell upon the smashing of Cervera's fleet by Schley as one of the most remarkable events that the world has ever witnessed, and the brave men who led our splendid naval forces will be given a lasting place of honor among the heroes of our wars.

Events moved rapidly on the coast at Santiago that fateful 3d of July morning. Cervera came dashing out of the harbor at half-past nine o'clock, and in less than one hour from that time every one of his ships, great and small, with the exception

of the *Cristobal Colon*, had been knocked to pieces by our gunners, burned, blown up and sunk, and brave old Cervera himself was a prisoner in our hands with 1,300 of his men. Three hours later the *Cristobal*, Spain's last hope on the sea, was beached on the shore sixty miles away, a smoking wreck.

Admiral Sampson, on the *New York*, was miles away during all these tragic moments, on a reconnoitring cruise, and the command of our fleet was in the hands of Commodore Schley, and right well did he fulfill every duty and meet every high expectation. To him belongs the honor of leading the great fight that ended Spain's sea power, perhaps for all time. Ranking next to him in glorious achievement stands Lieutenant-Commander



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, U. S. N., COMMANDER OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."—Photograph by Prince.

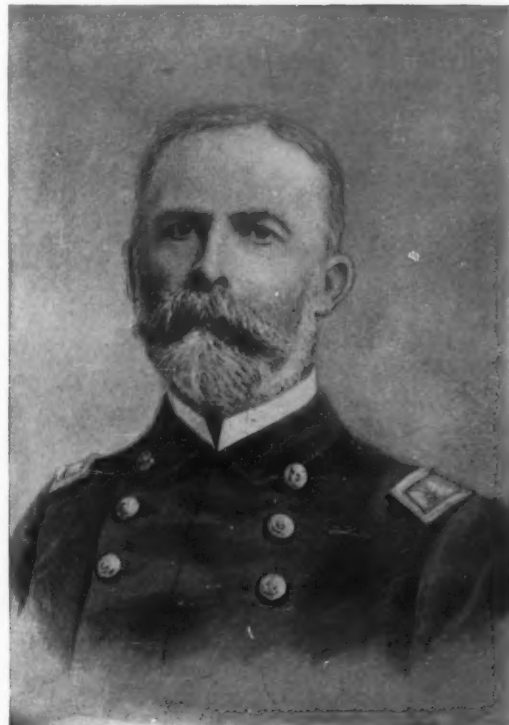


CAPTAIN FRENCH E. CHADWICK.

Wainwright, who alone with his little gun-boat *Gloucester*, a converted pleasure-craft, riddled and sank the enemy's two dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers, and dared even to attack the Spanish battle-ships themselves. To Wainwright also came the distinction of receiving the surrendered sword of the Spanish admiral. Thus did time bring a swift and full reparation for a great wrong to the executive officer of the *Maine*—for it was Wainwright who held



CAPTAIN HENRY TAYLOR, U. S. N., COMMANDER OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—Photograph by Child.



ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

that post and who was one of the last to leave the ship when she was blown up through Spanish treachery in Havana harbor. It is no wonder he exclaimed, when the battle was at its height off Santiago: "The *Maine* is avenged."

But when all was over a scene occurred on the battle-ship *Texas* which spoke more truly still of the spirit of the American people in this hour of their triumph. Captain Philip called all hands to the quarter-deck, and, with bared head, offered thanks to God for the victory. "I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty," said the captain. "I

want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty." And so was closed, as it should be, one of the most glorious pages in the annals of the world.

Against the 300 Spanish sailors killed and 150 wounded in this fight, the Americans, most remarkable to relate, had to put the loss of only one life, that of George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*, slain by a bursting Spanish shell.

What could be a more striking commentary than this on the quality of Spanish gunnery at sea! After an hour of furious broadsides from their four best war-ships, they had just one American life to their account. Mr. Ellis, on whom the melancholy distinction falls of being the one American victim of this battle, was only twenty-three years old. He was a native of Peoria, Illinois, and enlisted in the navy six years ago. He had served on the *Minneapolis*, the *Chicago*, and the *Dolphin* before he was appointed chief writer to the *Brooklyn* a year ago. He is spoken of as a faithful and popular young man and an excellent officer. His death brought grief to many of his comrades, but most of all to his young wife and child.



CAPTAIN PHILIP.



CAPTAIN CLARK, OF THE "OREGON," IN HIS CABIN.



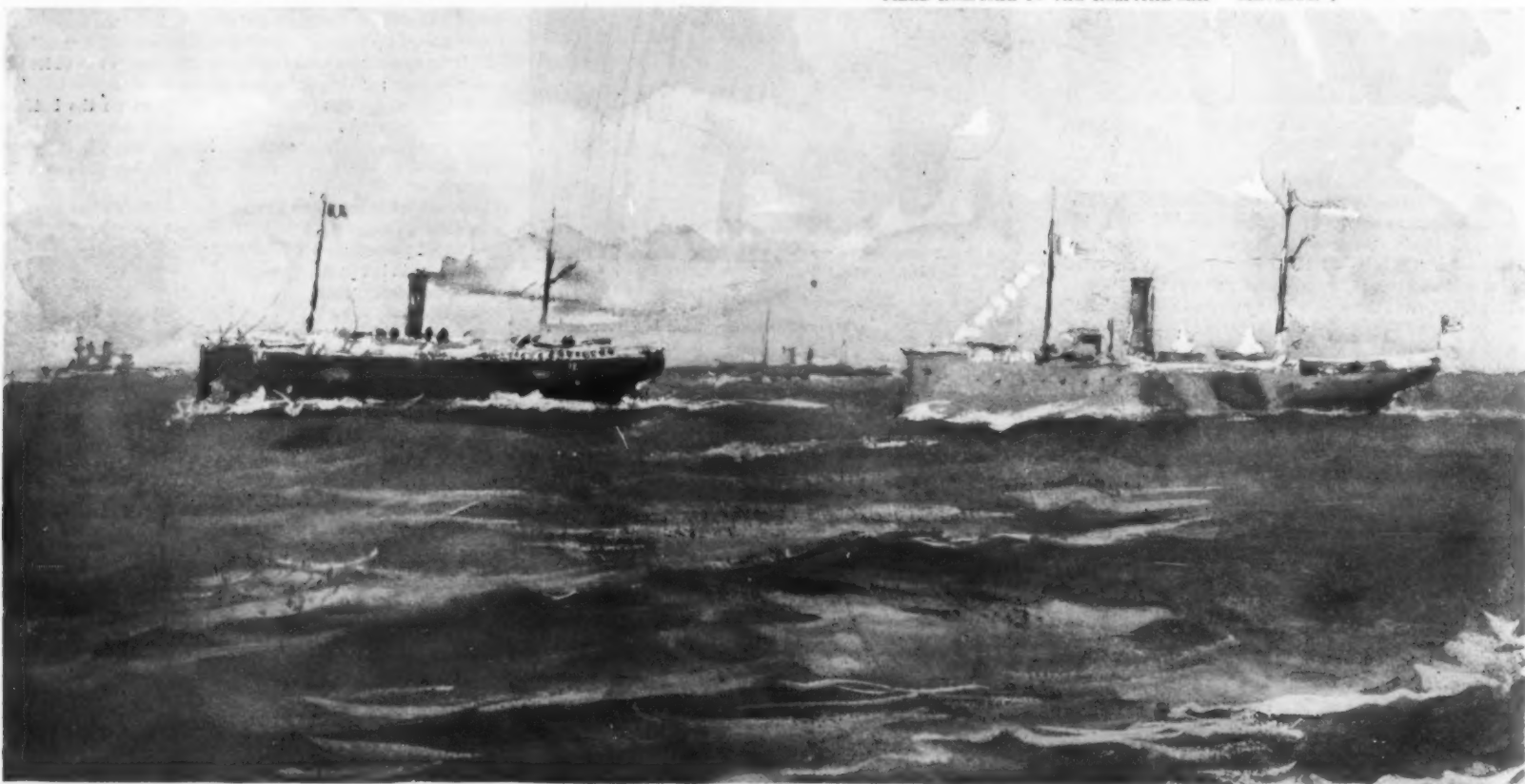
TRANSFERRING SICK SOLDIERS IN A SMALL BOAT FROM THE TRANSPORTS TO THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "OLIVETTE."



FIRST HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECOND INFANTRY AT SIBONEY, CUBA—IN THE HUT, ON THE RIGHT, THE FIRST WOUNDED ROUGH RIDERS WERE CARED FOR.



HOSPITAL AT SIBONEY WHERE THE FIRST WOUNDED SOLDIERS WERE AIDED. [THIS ROUGH SKETCH SHOWS A DETACHMENT OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS CARRYING COLONEL BELL, OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES CAVALRY, AND OTHERS WOUNDED, FROM THE FIELD HOSPITAL TO THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "OLIVETTE."]



THE FLAG-SHIP AND HER ESCORT—THE "DETROIT" AND "INDIANA" IN THE DISTANCE.



FLEET OF TRANSPORTS AT NIGHT OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.

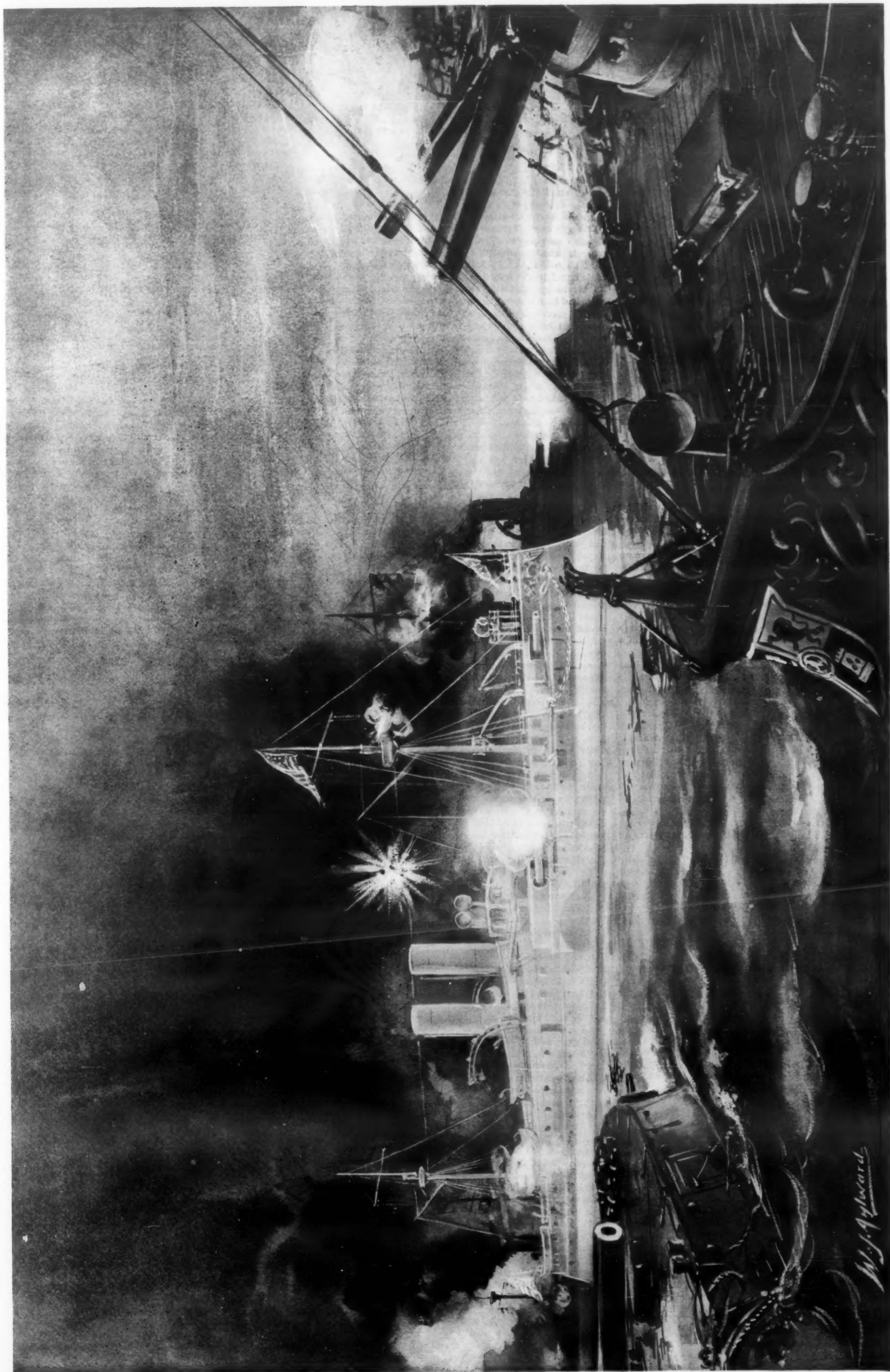


THE "CITY OF WASHINGTON" AND A THREE-MASTED SCHOONER LOADED WITH WATER, BOUND FOR CUBA, ESCORTED BY THE "BANCROFT."

### OPENING THE CAMPAIGN IN CUBA.

SOLDIERS EAGER FOR BATTLE, GOING TO THE FRONT AND ENGAGING IN ACTIVE SERVICE.—[FROM SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE TROOPS IN CUBA]





THE GHOST OF THE "MAINE."

READ CLINTON ROSS'S PROPHETIC BATTLE TALE IN THIS ISSUE, ENTITLED "THE GHOST IN THE FLEET," ON PAGE 46.

W. J. Ayward



# BATTLE TALES.

## I.—THE GHOST IN THE FLEET.

By CLINTON ROSS.

Author of "Chalmette"; "A Trooper of The Empress"; "Bobbie McDuff";  
"The Scarlet Coat"; "The Meddling Hussy."

### DEDICATION.

To Lieutenant James H. Sears, United States Navy:

MY DEAR JIM—The facts of war are so much more interesting than any tales about them, and the navy has been making so many facts and furnishing so many heroes, that how better may I propitiate fortune than by dedicating this collection to an officer who has been in "the thick of it"? Little did I imagine, when last summer we were among the hills of our own country, that I should read in a press dispatch that Flag-Lieutenant Sears had peered into Santiago harbor and made sure of the presence of the *Cristobal Colon*. That incident, read while we were at our coffee, brought you very near us. Knowing the facts so well yourself, and how it feels to hear a shell "humming like the wind in the trees," or "screaming like a demon," I can only hope that your friendship may condone the faults of these tales of a landsman. Believe me, yours ever,  
JUNE, 1898. CLINTON ROSS.

### I.

A SAILOR-MAN sat one day on a good ship in the far China seas, meditating on ghosts, for he believed in them as all good sailor-men should, and then looking about—'twas a night of yellow moonshine shimmering over the wave-crests—he saw a great white ship that was not of the fleet he was with. He knew the cut of the jib of every ship of that fleet, up and down.

Now this was the sea where the *Flying Dutchman* may be sailing. No one, indeed, can prove that the *Dutchman* does not still sail. But this was a modern ship, such as Jackie knew; and that she was no earthly ship, he knew, too, from a certain vagueness about her lines.

And then as he stared out of that port the truth dawned on him slowly just as, suddenly, she seemed to be lost in the moonshine.

"Gawd!" said Jackie, "it's the *Maine*."

Then next day he told his story: "How many ships have we all told? There's another. I saw her last night. Watch, yourself, and you will see her. There's another ship, and you see her, and then you don't see her, but she's there."

And the next night others looked, and some saw her—and others failed to; but on that ship every man began to believe that there was with them another ship, and that ship no earthly one—for there are ghosts of ships like ghosts of men, since ships have souls.

And the report perhaps reached to the commodore—that calm, strong man; and perhaps he believed it, if he did smile about it, knowing this same Jackie and all his habits and characteristics.

The Jackie who had seen this thing first began to look for it again, and to wish that he was on board that ghost ship. There was in his feeling for it no fear; he felt its reality on that farther shore of life which is called death; and it chanced that in a dream he was transferred there—for in dreams many journeys may be taken which, after all, may not be so improbable; and he was talking to a certain man that he had known—a man who had been on the *Maine* in Havana harbor, and whose soul had been carried beyond the shore of life.

"Well, how is it with you?" Blunt asked—for such was the name of the man who had seen the ghost ship—"how is it with you, Jack Dene?"

"Oh, it's well enough with me," said Dene, "though there are some things that I'm sorry about." And there lay a great sorrow in this as of one who when he has passed from the possibilities of life feels acutely what he has lost—what duties he has left undone—what frailties have been his. But Dene's mood seemed to pass, and his voice sounded heartily—so well as a hollow, far-away voice could sound heartily—"But we're with the fleet, you see."

"Yes, I know you are with the fleet," Blunt remarked. "I saw the *Maine* the other night, and some others have seen her."

"Yes," said Dene, "for men may see their thoughts."

"Eh?" asked Blunt, since the answer was a bit abstract for him. "And you are sailing under the commodore?"

"No," said Dene, "our Commander is there," and he pointed upward and Blunt understood with awe, so that he could not say another word—and then suddenly he found himself in his hammock, and the man next was saying:

"Why the de'il are you talkin' in your sleep, and keepin' ev'rybody else from sleepin'?"

"I've been on the *Maine*," said Blunt, positively.

"Been on the *Maine*; what're ye talkin' 'bout?"

"I've been talkin' with Jack Dene," said Blunt.

"He was on the *Maine*," said the other. "Yes, he was on the *Maine*, but—"

"I've been talkin' to him, I tell you, as sure's I'm alive and he's dead, and the *Maine* is sailing with us."

"Under the commodore?"

"With the commodore, but not under him."

The other listened now with attention; if there had been at first any notion of ridicule, now that had passed; he was watching Blunt with wonder—perhaps fear. Men who talk with dead men, even in their sleep, are strange; and Fenton was half-ready to believe him—nay, more than half-ready; so that he whispered seriously that Blunt had talked with Dene, who had been on the *Maine*; and those who had seen the ship sailing in the moonshine knew that this was the truth, and they watched for the *Maine*—for just a sight of her—with a small part of the fear that's granted ghosts;—for was not this ghost in their battle, as they were in hers?

### II.

THEY all were glad for the chance of the fight; and they did not admit they could be defeated; every man of them had per-

fect confidence in his officers and in his ship's destiny. But more than all was the thought of the ghost that was sailing with them.

For officers believed it as well as the men—though perhaps in a different way. To these lieutenants and ensigns it all was as if they were going to a game of foot-ball, say—with, they knew, a great, cheering crowd all about, like that when Yale and Harvard played—a crowd where were one's sweethearts and all of one's best friends; only this crowd was a nation, a great and mighty nation, who was beginning to use her strength. For there had been a wrong in the world—a hideous, horrible wrong—and it must be righted. As for these young officers, they, too, were glad because they had been trained for war, and they never had known war, and here it was for them to show that their training had been true and that their manhood could not be lacking. If there were other men like the commodore who had known war—who had damned the torpedoes with Farragut—these younger officers were ready to be in their class, to have it said of them that they, too, had damned the torpedoes.

Oh, it was for them a fine, merry chance, and yet a grave, serious responsibility.

But among these ships no cowardice lurked in any dark corner. All worked on as they could, parts of the mighty machine, a modern war-ship.

And all the while—as the crew knew—there sailed in that fleet the *Maine*.

### III.

BLUNT, having talked with Dene, and being well assured by his comrades that what he had seen was no vision, but an actual, real ghost, wanted to have more to say to him, and he was always looking for the *Maine*, just as he had seen her, or waiting for Dene to appear again, just as he had that first time. And he hoped for that meeting, mind you, not being the least scared by the thought of it. He wanted to ask Dene if he knew—if he could tell—what would happen in Manila. Of course Dene would know. Not that Blunt, like the rest, did not feel the utmost assurance of the result. But he wanted to know about details, about who would be hurt, about the ships that would be damaged—for, of course, a lot would be hurt. It did not stand to reason that they could sail into that harbor, against those ships and that battery, without many being injured and killed—not like the men of the *Maine*, who were hurt with lurking deceit, but hurt in the open, cheering fight, when every man should be at his post, doing his duty as best he could—from those sweating, suffering, toiling men at the furnaces to the men at the guns.

But how were they to be hurt? Dene knew, of course.

"Yes, he knows, but ghosts don't talk overmuch."

No, ghosts don't talk overmuch. They talk to us when we are doing what we ought to do, just as sometimes they talk to us when we are doing what we ought not to do. We call them the voices of conscience, of our own fears, of our own hopes.

But what of a ghost that comes and sits down and eats with you? That is what Dene's did, Blunt swears. For, looking up, he saw Dene there.

"How did you get over from the *Maine*?" Blunt asked.

But Dene's ghost said nothing.

"How—?"

But there was no ghost there. And one man said:

"What the hell's the matter with you, Blunt? Must be the heat."

"Hot enough to drive any man crazy," said another.

But Blunt turned solemnly:

"As there's a God above, boys, the *Maine* is sailin' with this fleet, and the *Maine's* men are on this ship."

"What're you givin' us, Blunt?"

"As there's a God above, boys, Jack Dene, who some of you knew, sat here eatin' with us."

"You saw him?" said one, leaning over eagerly.

"I saw him, and I was speakin' to him, when he got up and went away to that place where he belongs."

"What was he like?"

"Kind of whitish like, but still Jack Dene."

And some believed Blunt, and others said that, between the heat and the excitement, he had gone clean daft; and the heat of that region is enough to drive a man clean daft.

And the fleet sailed on and on, and the great day came—the day for which man and officer had longed, as for a jolly holiday. How they went through the passage, and how the torpedoes exploded before them—not under them—are not these things now history? How the ships manoeuvred and swung about; how the deadly bursting fire tore and rent that stubborn Spanish fleet—the fleet that atoned in a degree for a nation's sin—are not all these things now matters of our national history? And the commodore is the admiral, and stands with Farragut and Nelson.

But the history will not relate perhaps what many a Jackie of that fleet can positively swear to, that in the midst of that fleet manoeuvred the *Maine*, as evident as any ship there; and her guns belched fire, but there was no smoke, and no ship was better managed than she. Oh, she was there, I say, in Manila harbor, if by all odds she ought to have been at the bottom of Havana harbor.

And as the men worked and shouted, now half crazily, again with the steady persistence of work, "Remember the *Maine*—Remember the *Maine*," they could see her veritable self there.

Oh, well, deny this if you can. I will find you a hundred men out of that two thousand to swear to it.

And Blunt knew that his friend Jack Dene fought with him; knew now that what he had seen he had seen.

But when the fight was over and the smoke had scattered, no one could say exactly where she was. Yet she was still there somewhere—or had she sailed on to the bourne of souls?

### IV.

THE wounded Spaniards expected death, at the least, from the victors; that, in their view, should be the victor's way.

A group of tearful nuns came to beseech and pray mercy for the townsfolk—for the sailors of Spain.

And when they heard that the wounded Spaniard should have the same care as the wounded American, one fell down on her knees, with her hands outstretched in gratitude to the God of battle and the God of vengeance, the God of love and the God of mercy.

And they say that just then a great white ship that was not of the fleet was seen sailing away; and that, strangely enough, instead of keeping to the waves, she left them and made straight for the sky.

(Other "Battle Tales" to follow.)

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' STORIES.

[These stories are printed in continuation of the series in the competition for the prizes offered by LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the best long and short narrative of a personal experience by a commercial traveler. The competition closed on the 1st of June, and the prizes will be awarded after the numerous stories on hand have been published.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

### Afraid of Himself.

ALBANY, April 5th, 1898.—In a city about 150 miles from greater New York, on Monday morning of each week, a number of men may be seen with grip in hand hurrying to the depot of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. Quite in the rear of all, walking alone, with head bent as if in deep thought, comes one whose face is furrowed and careworn. Several cheerily bid him good-morning as he passes on. A rush for the smoking-car is made and every seat is quickly occupied.

Looking around for the quiet and reserved man before alluded to, I find he is not in the smoker. Curiosity prompts me to look him up, and, as I surmised, he is in the rear car, sitting alone. We exchange a pleasant greeting as I seat myself beside him. I have made up my mind that there is a sad story connected with his life that causes him to hold so much aloof from his traveling associates. He is always a gentleman, neither rudely avoiding nor seeking intimacy with any one. In conversation with him the fact is impressed that he is well educated and thoroughly familiar with most topics of the day. It had been remarked that he did not smoke or drink and rarely spent anything in self-indulgence. We talk of trade and its prospects; of the effect a war with Spain would have upon the market.

Although he seems more depressed than usual on this bright morning, I try to interest him by a continuous conversation touching on a variety of subjects. An occasional flash of the eye, an incline or shake of the head, indicate that he is capable of being aroused from his despondency. Unconsciously, perhaps, he gives an expression of his inner self by saying: "I would like to throw off the feelings that oppress me to such an extent as to control my actions, for the boys must think me queer and selfish; but if they knew me they would not." I hasten to assure him that such is not the case, and that they simply respect his evident desire to be left alone, and also suggest that a closer intimacy with his fellow travelers will do him good. To draw him out, I hint at a small salary and large family; at debts that are annoying; at a sad bereavement, some great disappointment in his life.

Suddenly turning toward me, he hesitatingly says, "I evince such an apparent interest in me that I feel constrained to tell you, briefly, the story of my life. In me you see a man who is afraid of himself. My later life has been and is a constant battle with an enemy that once defeated me. But to explain. I started, when quite young, upon the road to sell goods. Naturally of a gay and careless disposition, I shortly drifted among that class of traveling men that ever have been the bane of our profession. Unconsciously, almost, habits were formed. Like most young men, I imagined that I could sow my wild oats and not reap a whirlwind. Matters went from bad to worse, until I became reckless of reputation, and, ere long, I lost my position, friends, everything, except a mother's love and faith. Since, she has gone to her heavenly home. My last debauch brought me very close to the grave."

A lingering convalescence gave me time for serious thought and reflection, and I promised myself then that I would endeavor to be a man again. I have succeeded so far in refraining from old habits, but often the temptation to return to the old ways has been almost irresistible. I am not sure enough of myself to seek the company of, and enter into the amusements of my fellow-travelers, but I hope that with much self-denial will come a steadiness of purpose that will give me full confidence in myself, through all my future." In reply, I suggest that there are plenty of traveling men who would strengthen and encourage him in his effort, and that in his own city there is an organization of traveling men, the aim and purpose of which is to better, in a moral way, each member. At this moment my destination is reached. I grasp his hand in a kindly farewell and bid him God-speed in his purpose. S. P. C.

### Recognized His Voice.

MILWAUKEE, May 3d, 1898.—I was employed by a Baltimore tobacco manufacturer to make two trips a year, of five months each, selling smoking-tobacco to the jobbing trade from Boston to San Francisco. I was stopping at the Maltby House, room No. 126, Baltimore, some two weeks, waiting for the factory to finish up my fresh samples.

I bought my ticket for Columbus, Ohio, and took the sleeper. In the morning the porter awoke me about six o'clock, saying we were twenty-five minutes from Bellair, where we take breakfast. I dressed and sat reading the Baltimore *Sun*. The porter came up to the berth opposite and yelled: "If you want



breakfast you had better hurry, as we will be at Bellair in five minutes." A tall, slim man jumped up, parted the curtains, and looked directly at me. Rubbing his eyes to make sure, he said: "Are you not the man who occupied room 126, Maltby House, the past two weeks?"

I said, "Yes; why?"

Said he: "I thought I recognized that devilish snore. I had a room directly opposite, and was glad to get away from that snore. And here you are following me up. Now, will you please keep on this train, and I will wait for the next train?"

The whole car had a laugh. And he did stop there. He did not know which way I was going, nor did I know his place of destination.

E. W. OFFERMAN.

(Other "Travelers' Stories" to follow.)

## Dewey as a Great Commander.

HIS ACHIEVEMENT AT MANILA COMPARED WITH THE MOST REMARKABLE VICTORIES OF OTHER GREAT NAVAL COMMANDERS—IT EXCELLED NELSON'S VICTORY AT ABOUKIR, FULLY EQUALED LORD HOWE'S IN 1794, AND RIVALED NELSON'S FAMOUS VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR—A WORTHY PUPIL OF FARRAGUT.

REAR-ADMIRAL DEWEY'S victory at Manila has been the occasion of so much rejoicing that it would be well to consider on what grounds the real merits of the affair are based and how it compares with other great naval battles. It is a coincidence worthy of note that this is the centennial year of the battle of the Nile which was fought between the English fleet under Nelson and the French commanded by Brueys, in Aboukir Bay, under circumstances remarkably similar to those under which the Americans fought at Manila. As in Dewey's case, the enemy had anchored their ships in a wide bay, and in order to get at them Nelson was compelled to sail into the harbor and attack the French on their own terms.

The battle of the Nile, very properly, has been considered one of the decisive naval engagements of the world, for it resulted directly in the abandonment of Egypt by the French. In no less degree was the fight in Manila decisive in its effects, for it deprived Spain of a territory greater than Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland combined, and was nearly equal to England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. In the battle at Aboukir Bay Nelson had thirteen ships of the line, with an aggregate tonnage of 20,660 tons, carrying 7,401 men and 938 guns, with 11,000 pounds of shot-weight to a broadside. Brueys also had thirteen ships of the line, besides a few smaller craft, carrying 9,000 men, and having guns capable of throwing 12,000 pounds of shot-weight to the broadside. At Manila Dewey had six fighting-ships of 19,098 tons, carrying 1,694 men and fifty-three guns in the main batteries, while Montojo, the Spanish commander, had eleven ships of 18,141 tons, manned by 1,734 men and forty-two guns. From these figures it will be seen that in point of tonnage the opposing American and Spanish forces were about the same as the French and English fleets at Aboukir Bay, the former being 19,098 against 18,141 as compared to the 20,660 and 22,343 of the English and French.

In considering modern naval action as compared with those one hundred years ago, we must remember that the mere number of ships, guns, and men engaged have come to be matters of less significance. It is the amount of offensive and defensive force that is concentrated in a given space that tells the story. This we see when we find that Dewey, with only six ships, had a tonnage of 19,098 against Nelson's thirteen ships of the line with their 20,660 tons. An even more striking illustration is had in the fact that in 1810 the British navy had 1,048 warships and 151,572 men, while in 1886—when England was immeasurably a greater naval power—she had fewer than 300 ships and less than 60,000 men.

As to the number of men and guns engaged, it will be found that Dewey and Montojo operated a destructive force—aside from the consideration of steam-power, ramming, and torpedoes, which, of course, were untried agencies in Nelson's time—vastly superior in every respect to those of the English and French fleets in 1798, notwithstanding the smaller number of men and guns employed. In Nelson's day ten men were allowed for handling each gun, and about eight minutes, under the most favorable circumstances, for each discharge, so that Nelson or Brueys was doing well to deliver 12,000 pounds of shot-weight every eight minutes. Our vastly improved methods of breech-loading enabled the Americans and Spaniards to discharge their heavy guns at the rate of at least five times in eight minutes, so that when the total shot-weight of their broadsides was 6,000 pounds, it was in reality five times that weight, 30,000 pounds, when we come to allow for the quick firing of modern ordnance as opposed to the cumbersome and tedious muzzle-loading of 1798. It is not an unfair comparison, then, to place the broadside shot-weight of the American and Spanish forces at Manila at 30,000 pounds as compared to the 11,000 and 12,000 of the English and French at Aboukir.

In this comparison no consideration has been given to the enormous superiority of rifled guns, steel and pointed projectiles, or of the fearful effects of exploding shells. Elongated shots or shells were unknown to Nelson or Brueys, who used round, solid missiles, and the nearest they could come to the disastrous effect of a shell was by heating a solid shot before inserting it in the gun. It is easy to get at the shot-weight per broadside in Nelson's generation, for the projectiles were uniformly round and of solid iron. The weight of the modern shot is not so easily arrived at, it being of different shapes, mostly cylindrical and more or less pointed, and a variety of metals and substances going into its composition. But when we consider that a thirteen-inch rifle throws a shell weighing 1,100 pounds with sufficient velocity to pierce seventeen inches of nickel-steel plate we can readily see that the destructive force at Nelson's command sinks into insignificance when compared with the modern ordnance, and that the number of men engaged is by no means an index of the strength of the fleet. One thirteen-inch gun, with the modern appliances for loading and quick firing, would almost be equal to Nelson's entire broadside at Aboukir.

The English losses at Aboukir were 218 killed and 678 wounded, while those of the French are placed at about 2,000, or slightly less than one-fifth of their entire force. At Manila the Amer-

icans had only half a dozen wounded, while the Spanish lost half of their number. These figures seem the more remarkable when we remember that Nelson did not have land batteries, torpedoes, or submarine mines to guard against. Dewey not only destroyed every Spanish ship, but overpowered the land batteries as well. Nelson did not destroy all the French ships, some of them managing to escape. Neither can it be said that the Spaniards fought with less heroism or skill than Nelson's opponents, for, as seen in the results, the dons held out to the last plank, many of them going down with their craft.

In the great fleet action between the English under Lord Howe and the French commanded by Admiral Villaret, May 28th to June 1st, 1794, there was just double the force engaged at Aboukir. This action being fought in the open sea deprives us of a close comparison with Dewey's exploit at Manila, but none the less it reflects most creditably on the American commander. Even with their twenty-six ships of the line—both English and French having that number—17,000 and 20,000 complements and 23,000 to 28,000 pounds of shot-weight to the broadside, neither the French nor the English admirals handled the destructive forces Dewey or Montojo had with their six and eleven ships and their 1,694 and 1,734 men. As has been shown, the 1,694 Americans at Manila handled a power for destruction that the 17,000 men under Lord Howe never dreamed of. The *Olympia* alone would have proved a formidable antagonist to the greater part of the French fleet. In this battle, extending over three days, the British had 290 killed and 858 wounded, while the French had about 3,000 killed and 4,000 wounded, or about two-fifths of their entire number. Only six of the French vessels were captured.

Nearly the same figures pertain to the great battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805. There the English had twenty-seven ships of the line as opposed to the thirty-three of the French and Spaniards, or 2,448 guns against the 2,626 of the allies. Here the English loss was 449 killed and 1,241 wounded, and they captured or destroyed nineteen of the enemy's ships of the line. And so the comparison could be carried out in all the great naval battles early in the century, in each case it appearing that Dewey with his six ships and 1,694 men had quite as great a power for offense or defense as any of the old-time naval heroes.

In comparing the Manila triumph with the more recent operations of the Civil War, however, we find the conditions materially altered. The two most inviting instances, of course, are Farragut's passage of the New Orleans defenses in 1862, and in Mobile Bay in 1864. At New Orleans the seventeen ships that forced their way up the river carried 154 guns as opposed to the 146 in Forts Jackson and St. Philip and in the Confederate flotilla. Most of these guns were of much larger calibre than any Dewey had, his heaviest guns being eight-inch rifles, while the National fleet carried as high as eleven-inch calibres. But being muzzle-loaders and using the old-fashion powder, it is doubtful if they possessed the destructive force of Dewey's fifty-three guns. But aside from this, Farragut had fire-ships, ironclads, a ram, and a formidable barrier in a narrow channel, where there was a swift current, to contend against, which would more than counterbalance the probable superior effectiveness of Dewey's improved weapons. At New Orleans both sides possessed far greater destructive forces than the ships at Trafalgar, for now we are dealing with rifled ordnance, shells, steam-power, ironclads, rams, and exceedingly difficult navigation. The National forces had thirty-seven killed and 147 wounded, while that of the Confederates was slightly greater.

At Mobile Farragut's victory was even more brilliant. Here the enemy had the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, which, without the support of the forts, proved to be a formidable antagonist to the entire National fleet. Besides this, the narrow ship channel was obstructed by a double row of torpedoes numbering in all 180. The total number of guns available for the defense was ninety-six, while in Farragut's ships there were 174 guns. Dewey, to be sure, had torpedoes to contend with at Manila, but he had a wide bay in which to manoeuvre, while Farragut was compelled to pass a double line of torpedoes, one of his four ironclads being sunk by them and carrying down ninety-three men. The total loss in the National fleet on this occasion was fifty-two killed and 170 wounded, while that of the Confederates was only twelve killed and twenty wounded.

Considering Dewey's achievement in the light of history, then, we find that he undoubtedly excelled Nelson's victory at Aboukir, fully equaled Lord Howe in 1794, and certainly handled a maritime force equal to Nelson at Trafalgar, and gained a more complete and brilliant victory than did the English on that occasion. But it cannot be said that Dewey equaled Farragut's feat either at New Orleans or in Mobile Bay. The contending forces at Manila may have been as powerful and the victory as complete, but he certainly did not have the obstacles to contend with that Farragut had at both New Orleans and Mobile Bay. Dewey, however, has shown himself to be a worthy pupil of the great admiral, and, had the opportunity offered, he would have demonstrated that he possesses all the requirements that go to make up a great naval commander. It was no fault of his that he did not have under his command a much larger force, or that Montojo was not proportionately strong. He took what he had and handled his resources with all the dash, tempered with sound judgment, that is so necessary to great success in naval enterprises.

EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

## The Centre of Interest.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA—ITS INTERESTING HISTORY—THE OLDEST SETTLEMENT OF SPAIN ON THIS HEMISPHERE.

It seems like a curious swing of the pendulum of time that Santiago de Cuba, the oldest settlement of Spain in this hemisphere, should also be the first Spanish stronghold in Cuba to be lost to Spain. This is not the first time, however, that the ancient place has fallen into the hands of the invaders since the time that Columbus first sailed into its tortuous harbor in 1493. The first premonition of trouble came in 1537, only a generation after the formal foundation of the city by Don Velasquez, when a bold French pirate sailed straight into the harbor and engaged the armed vessel of one Diego de Perez, a Spanish merchant-

man. This singular naval combat lasted through three long days, at the end of which time the discomfited Frenchman sailed away. A few years later the French pirates took their revenge by capturing the city with a few hundred arquebusers, who did not leave the place until they had exacted a heavy ransom of Spanish doubloons and pieces-of-eight.

Nearly a century later, in 1692, an English squadron, under Lord Winsor, repeated this feat of arms. With but 800 marines the British admiral succeeded in effecting a landing at Aguadores, from where he fought his way to the city, blew up the Morro, and held the harbor until his troops, too, were induced to withdraw upon the payment of a suitable ransom. Some traces of this foreign occupation still remain, for instance in the English name of the harbor hamlet now known as Cayo Smith. After these stirring events the ancient capital of Cuba was allowed to slumber in peace until the massacre of fifty-three men of the ill-fated *Virginian* expedition in 1873 nearly brought down another English bombardment upon its walls. In other ways Santiago has achieved prominence only through its former rich exports of copper, and as the place where Adelina Patti made her first debut at the age of sixteen. A less honored guest in those years was William M. Tweed, the boss hoodler of Tammany Hall, who was set ashore here by the schooner that carried him away from the New York jail, from which he was to be taken to Sing Sing.

Seen from the bay, in the pink light of early morning, the ancient harbor appears like one of the opalescent jewel cities of the Orient. Behind it rise the peaks of a magnificent mountain range, while the brilliant blue waters of the bay form the foreground, six miles from point to point. At the harbor entrance the mountains seem to divide, and the city, with its white-walled houses and red roofs, interspersed with the green foliage of waving palm-trees, comes into view. On the right are the grim walls of old Castle Morro, reared by that old Spanish warrior, Pedro de la Rosca, in 1640. Adjoining the Morro lies the *Bateria de la Estrella*, so called from its star-like redoubts. To the left of the harbor Cayo Smith is perched on the hill-side. On a small island near the opening of the bay is the government magazine recently used as supply station for Admiral Cervera's imprisoned squadron. On the shore at the left are the ruins of Punta de Sal and the remnants of the old freight-station and car-shed where the copper ore from the mines at Cobre was formerly shipped for foreign ports.

On the right side of the bay are Cinco Reales (fifty cents) and La Cruz. Between La Cruz and the city lies Punta Blanca, a small fort, taking its name from the white sand on which it rests. Two small rivers flow into the sea from the mountains north of Cobre, one of which, El Caimanes, takes its name from the alligators that abound in it.

Along the shore runs the *Alameda*, past the custom-house and railroad-station, up to the gray walls of the city abattoir, where the men of the *Virginian* were shot. The city itself is built up the side of the hill so that many of its streets are mere steep declivities, relieved here and there by high flights of stone steps. Almost in the centre of the city is the Governor-General's palace on the Plaza de Armas, where military bands were wont to play in times of peace. Near by is the equally handsome Plaza de la Reina and the great Dominican church, the largest cathedral in Cuba.

On the outskirts of Santiago are clustered the palm-thatched hamlets of the *campesinos*, surrounded by high, rolling hills and a country thickly wooded with underbrush, the unprepossessing nature of which has been made sufficiently clear from the army reports and press dispatches that have reached us from the front ever since our gallant marines made their first stand at Guantanamo.

## America and Spain.

BY AN ENGLISH SYMPATHIZER.

Rise, America, to battle!  
Oh, rise from east to west;  
Let anger fill thy mighty heart,  
And fight for the oppressed!

Dost hear that voice of anguish,  
That cry for help from thee?  
'Tis the cry of those who perish  
'Neath Spanish tyranny.

Here in England we can hear them,  
Those accents mad with woe—  
The measure of a thousand wrongs  
At last shall overflow.

To arms, ye soldiers of the West!  
Your strength and valor give;  
Oh, be indignant for the slain—  
Glorious for those who live!

I hear a murmur hoarse and deep,  
It comes across the flood,  
From wasted vales of Cuba's lale—  
It is the voice of blood!

The blood of that most gentle race,  
Who lived in peace and mirth,  
Until the treach'rous Spaniard came  
And swept them from the earth.

Their free and smiling souls were bowed  
Beneath an iron sway,  
And like shy blossoms of the wood  
They withered all away.

The God most high has seen these sins,  
These centuries of crime,  
And though He waits, 'tis but to choose  
His own best judgment time.

And now at last He's chosen thee,  
America, to smite  
The nation that so long has been  
The enemy of right.

Then on to certain victory,  
Great nation of the West!  
Let anger fill thy mighty heart,  
And fight for the oppressed!

ALICIA T. WALLACE.

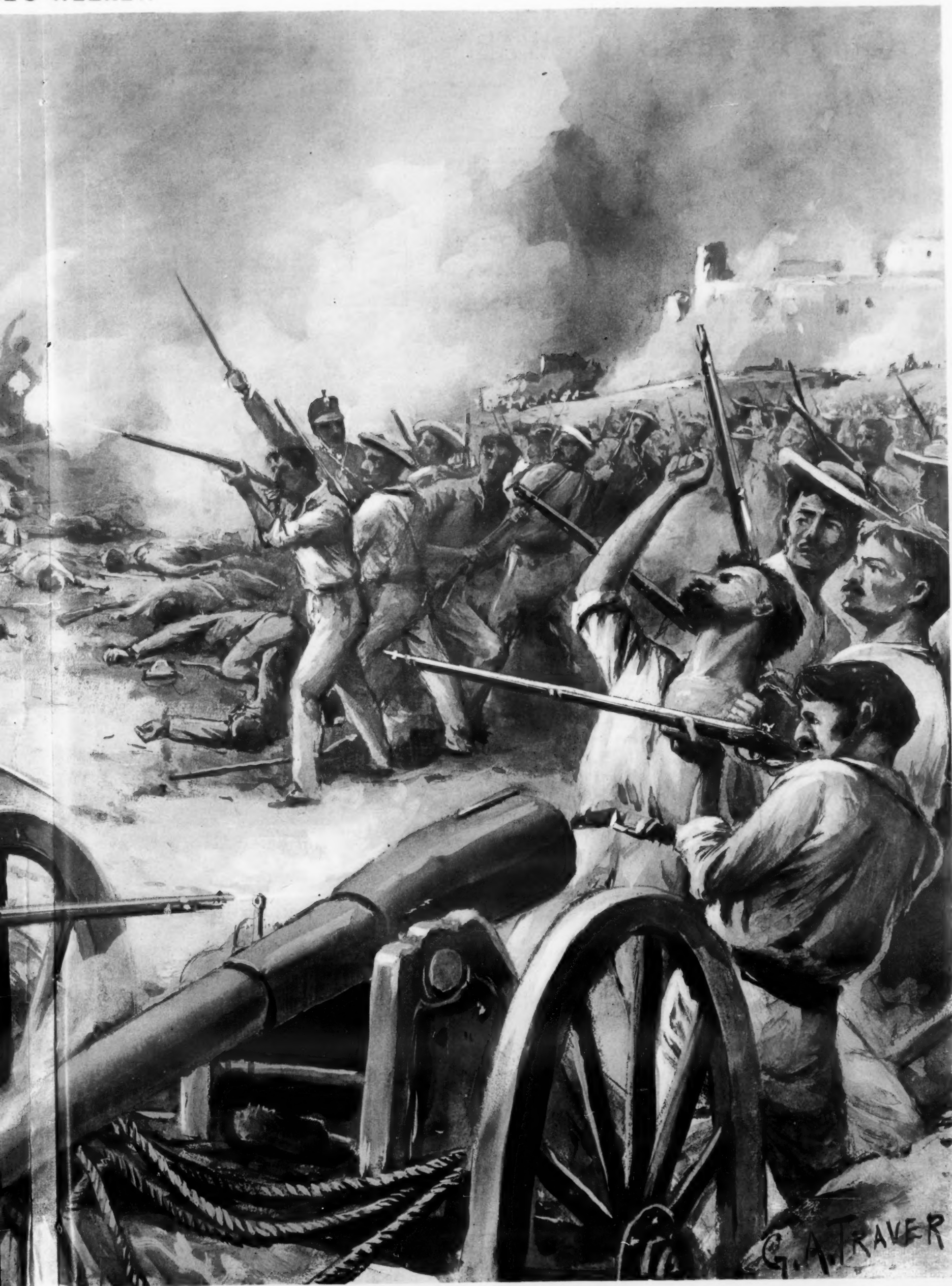




A HAND-TO-HAND

PLANTING OLD GLORY ON THE BATTLEFIELD





D-TO-HAND FIGHT.

RY ON THE TRENCHMENTS OF SANTIAGO.



# FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

## The Brave Yankee Tar!

HE SINGS AND WHISTLES AS HE FIGHTS, AND GETS ANGRY WHEN HE IS ORDERED TO STOP FIGHTING—NO SUCH THING AS FEAR ON OUR IRONCLADS—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BOMBARDMENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH COMMODORE SCHLEY—HOW IT FEELS TO BE UNDER FIRE—THE STRANGE FASCINATIONS OF DANGER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 29th, 1898.—A half-naked man sticking his head out of the forward eight-inch gun-turret on the *Brooklyn*, to get a breath of fresh air, said to me as a couple of big shells whistled over our heads and struck in the water beyond: "Funny song they sing, sir," and then disappeared. Five marines who acted as messengers stood on the deck in the lee of the conning-tower and watched me curiously as I tried, almost vainly, because of the smoke of the great guns, to get a snap-shot of the other ships for *Leslie's Weekly*. It was seven o'clock on a recent morning, and we were serving up a breakfast of steel projectiles of various energies to the Spaniards in the well-fortified place ashore. We had partaken of breakfast ourselves, eating heartily at 5:30 of the regular sea fare to which we had been reduced, and joking and laughing over the way we would treat the "dons." The only source of regret seemed to be the fact that Morro Castle, a beautiful target, could not be used as an objective because the Spaniards, with a thirteenth-century refinement of cruelty, had put Lieutenant Hobson and the crew that took in the collier *Merrimac* in that place as a species of protection from our bullets.

As I passed forward just before the fighting began, this gray, humid morning, it was curious to note the bearing of the men. A five-inch gun crew in an exposed place were singing "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." A group of men on the forward eight-inch turret were discussing where the best place to "get a line on" was, and everywhere there was jubilation that the ship was going into action. When the bugle blew for starboard guns to prepare, there was a growl of disgust from the men on the port side, and when Lieutenant-Commander Mason ordered the men at the one-pounder and Colt rapid-fire guns to get out of their exposed positions there was almost rebellion. So these men hung about on the decks, watched the effects of the gunnery of the American ships, and would cheer well-placed shells and laugh uproariously or jeer when a shell from the forts went over their heads or struck short. This lack of fear is a curious thing in battle.

In the two hot engagements in which I have watched the fighters closely, I have never seen anything indicative of fear. True, everybody has a curious sensation as the first few shells of the enemy whistle overhead, and when one strikes, with its frightful explosion, you look around anxiously for an instant. If the smoke is cleared from your ship you will see a puff of

which makes of each man a hero; but this spark wearies of burning clearly, and when the fateful moment comes, it flashes up into a flame and illuminates great deeds."

During the second engagement, while a hot fire was being poured at the *Brooklyn*, which seemed to be the target for the Spanish, Flag-Lieutenant Sears, who had gone into battle in white clothes, which by reason of the rain became very much bedraggled, said: "My wife wants a picture of me in fighting clothes. Will you take one?" and when I assented he stood up in photographic pose, as will be seen from the picture, and I "snapped" him. A shell exploding just then might have ruined the picture.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

## Looking after Our Sailors.

TIMELY AND EFFECTIVE WORK BY THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRISTIAN COMMISSION—HOW GOOD MUSIC, GOOD COFFEE AND ICE-WATER HELP THE GOSPEL WORKERS—NON-SECTARIAN AND UNDENOMINATIONAL SERVICES—THE NEEDS OF THE SAILORS.

KEY WEST, June 27th, 1898.—Of a total of ninety-eight vessels in the North Atlantic squadron, eighty-one receive their mail at Key West. Add to these the six magnificent vessels of the flying squadron and you have eighty-seven out of 104 vessels which use Key West as a base of supplies, mail, etc. Key West is a small town of 25,000 inhabitants on a sandy coral island out in the waters of the Gulf Stream. It is the naval base of operation. Thousands of men wearing the brave blue of our navy



EXTERIOR, SHOWING NAVAL STATION AND POST-OFFICE.

find Key West a centre around which many interests and sentiments revolve. From the capacious post-office, built about six years ago, as if with an eye to the present demands upon it, hundreds of sacks of mail are distributed to vessels on far-away blockading duty, each time the steamer arrives from the North. Bearing good news and bad alike, the letters descend like an avalanche upon this little town, and from here disperse to lonely vessels broiling under hot suns off Havana or Santiago. Here, when repairs or supplies are needed, comes the cruiser or the battle-ship or the little torpedo-boat, and here the sailor sets foot once more on *terra firma* and enjoys the delights of liberty. Here the sick and wounded are brought for treatment in the hospitals, and here the time-expired hero comes to be "paid off" and start for home. On the *Lancaster* the recruits who come from distant homes to join the fleet are kept until such time as, in answer to the requisition of short-handed vessels, they are drafted out to the front.

Yet in the city of Key West, until Monday, June 20th, there was not a single place where a sailor-man could spend a quiet hour reading or resting, unless it were a bar-room or some other resort. These places, however, keep open house and are crowded night and day. Old, seasoned seamen and young, beardless boys crowd around the bars of saloons and dives, and reel away from them bereft of sense and manhood, and often drugged so that robbery may easily be effected. With sometimes as much as a hundred dollars "liberty money" in pocket, they come to stretch their legs on the land and have a "good time," which consists too often in a senseless debauch, and winds up with punishment when the ship is reached again. Not all sailors who wear the blue are intemperate. The fact is that the drunkards are very few in proportion to the entire force. But what is to be expected when a body of men under restraint for weeks or months at a time finds itself ashore in a town where the only open door is a saloon, and the only welcome is from a bar-tender or worse? So, in spite of his good intentions and his good impulses, poor Jack is led astray.

To meet and counteract, as far as possible, this condition of



INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.

affairs, the Army and Navy Christian Commission of the Young Men's Christian Association has opened a clean Christian resort in Key West, exclusively for these men when ashore. It is part of the plan to reach the men on the vessels, both in Key West harbor and out at the front, with evangelistic work of varied



CIGAR-FACTORY RENTED AND NOW BEING FITTED UP FOR THE COMMISSION.

character. Testaments and Bibles, and an abundance of good literature to be freely distributed among the men, both personally by the commission's agent, and through the mail, make a potent agency for good; while another is the holding of regular evangelistic services in the rooms, and, when practicable, on the ships. This, of course, is, like all the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, undenominational, and aims to put the Gospel story in such a simple language before these men that it can be readily grasped.

But of all classes in the world, the hardest to reach by preaching is the sailor. He is a most suspicious fellow. He does not have much faith in sermons and preaching *per se*. He has faith only in a practical Christianity that shows its love for a brother by reaching out a hand to help him when he is in trouble; that does not believe in seeking for the cause of the difficulty too deeply, but just lends a hand to get him out of it and on his feet again; and that is not ashamed to help him back to the boat when he is more or less under the influence of liquor; in short, in a religion that shows itself interested in him as a man, with all a man's capacities and feelings.

This is the kind of work the Christian Commission is doing in Key West. In its reading-room the sailor or marine finds a hearty welcome with no rebate to it. He may be drunk, but that does not matter; or he may be boisterous and disposed to have a fight with somebody. He is welcome anyhow, and at any time. He can smoke, or chew, or sing, or play on the piano, or read the latest papers from his home, or play the games which are scattered about, and he is never told what he can't do, for there is not a bluejacket afloat but knows how to behave himself like a gentleman when he is treated as such. A coffee-pot, with the strongest and best possible decoction of the aromatic berry that can be made, is one of the means employed to reach the men. The man who makes it learned the art in New Orleans, and no one who has ever stood in the French Market and sipped a cup of creole coffee will ever question its usefulness. Every night a pot of this steaming beverage finds its way across the street to the Marine Guard, and as the tired fellows come in from a long, lonely "sentry-go," a cup of coffee finds a way to the heart, as well as to the stomach.

So the coffee-pot is always on the fire, and does its part in the mission of love. Many a man has braced up after a spree and found strength to make a fresh start up the hill because of a good black cup of coffee. And the great ice-water cooler is always full of that refreshing fluid, which means more in Key West than it does in New York. Yet with all these things you could never get the average man-o-war's-man to enter the rooms did you not first win his confidence. This has to be done with great tact and knowledge of his good and bad qualities. The commission's agent at Key West has a portable organ, which, together with a goodly number of hymn-books containing in the back a selection of patriotic songs, he takes out to the ships at anchor in the harbor, after dark, when the men are lying around the decks cooling off in the pleasant trade-wind after the day's work. The organ is set up, a light arranged, and in a few minutes all hands have gathered round and the stirring strains of "Hail, Columbia," or "The Star-spangled Banner" are ringing out across the water. Then, at a suitable pause, the work of the commission is explained and the interest and confidence of the men secured.

In this way, little by little, the way is opened to the hearts of these men and the ground prepared for the sowing of good seed. Every night a short service of song is held in the rooms, and a pointed gospel talk is given, to which there is always a respectful hearing. The hymns sung are selected by the men themselves. This is a brief outline of the commission's work for the sailors. It contemplates reaching the fleet by visitation, and gospel work among the men while at sea. It sends every week large packages of papers to these ships, where the news is being made, but where it is not often read.

Then there is the work of the commission at the hospitals. Key West has several which have been arranged for the accommodation of the wounded from Cuba. The General Army and Navy Hospital is capable of treating 600 wounded, and can treat more if pushed. It has two annexes besides the main building. The Marine Hospital is also ready to receive a number of cases, as will also the Army Post Hospital.

The Christian Commission does all in its power for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, irrespective of color or sect or nationality, friend and foe alike. It provides whatever may be needed to add to the comfort and pleasure of the sick. In these hospitals it finds a wide field. It can use here to advantage night-shirts and pajamas (for bed and ward wear), toilet soap, towels, fruit, mineral waters, books, magazines, games, etc. Fresh fruit can be bought here in the markets cheaper than it can be shipped, so that for this purpose money can be used. A

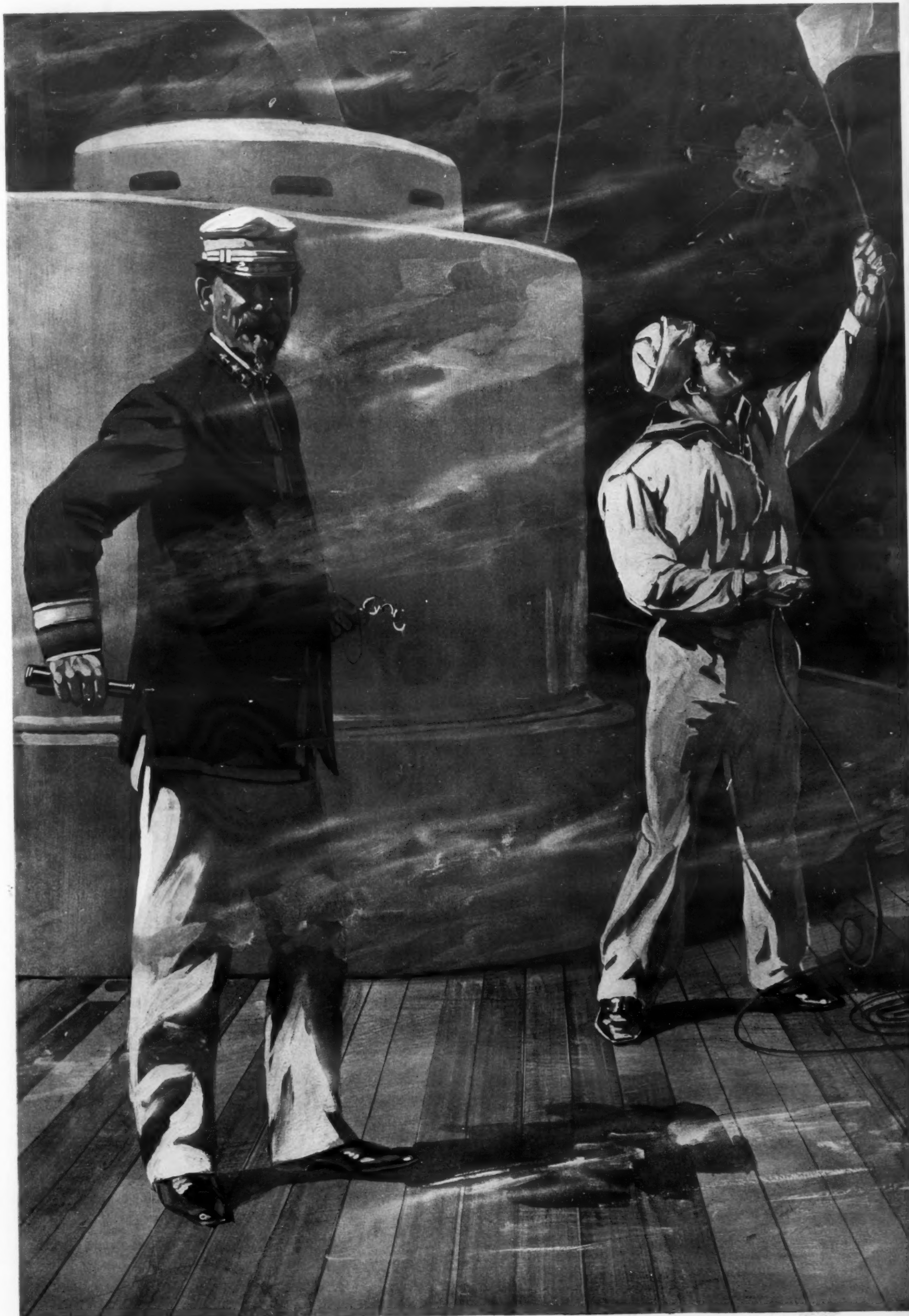


LIEUTENANT SEARS IN FIGHTING CLOTHES.

smoke from a battery ashore. Then, just as you have forgotten the smoke, about three seconds later, you hear a sound like a swarm of bees humming over your head. Pretty soon the shells begin to come faster and faster. They drop in the water on both sides of you. One hits the military mast, and the debris of steel and rope and wood comes tumbling about you. You look up wonderingly, but give it merely an instant's thought. Then your mind reverts to the terrible roar of your own guns, and then comes the single idea of keeping outside the radius of fire, not of the enemy's guns, but those on your own ship, equally dangerous to your safety, the preservation of your ear-drums and your life.

I stood by Commodore Schley's side, with Flag-Lieutenant Sears, during the two first bombardments of Santiago, and we all found ourselves absolutely forgetful of peril, watching the shots from different turrets and telling the gunners whether to depress or raise the muzzle of the gun. We kept accurately the times of all movements, of opening fire, of good shots, of silenced batteries, and of "cease firing." The balls whistle about you with a nasty whine, as if they deplored not being able to hit you, but half the time the roar of the fusillade of your own ships drowns the complaint of the enemy's missiles. You experience at first a strange feeling of enjoyment not unmixed with terror. Then you grow animated and discover a peculiar sort of charm in the danger and in the game of life or death. You find yourself hoping the shells will strike closer to you. You look around you at the careless, laughing, enthusiastic men, and you believe, with Tolstoi, that "consciousness is annihilated. At the bottom of each soul there lies that noble spark



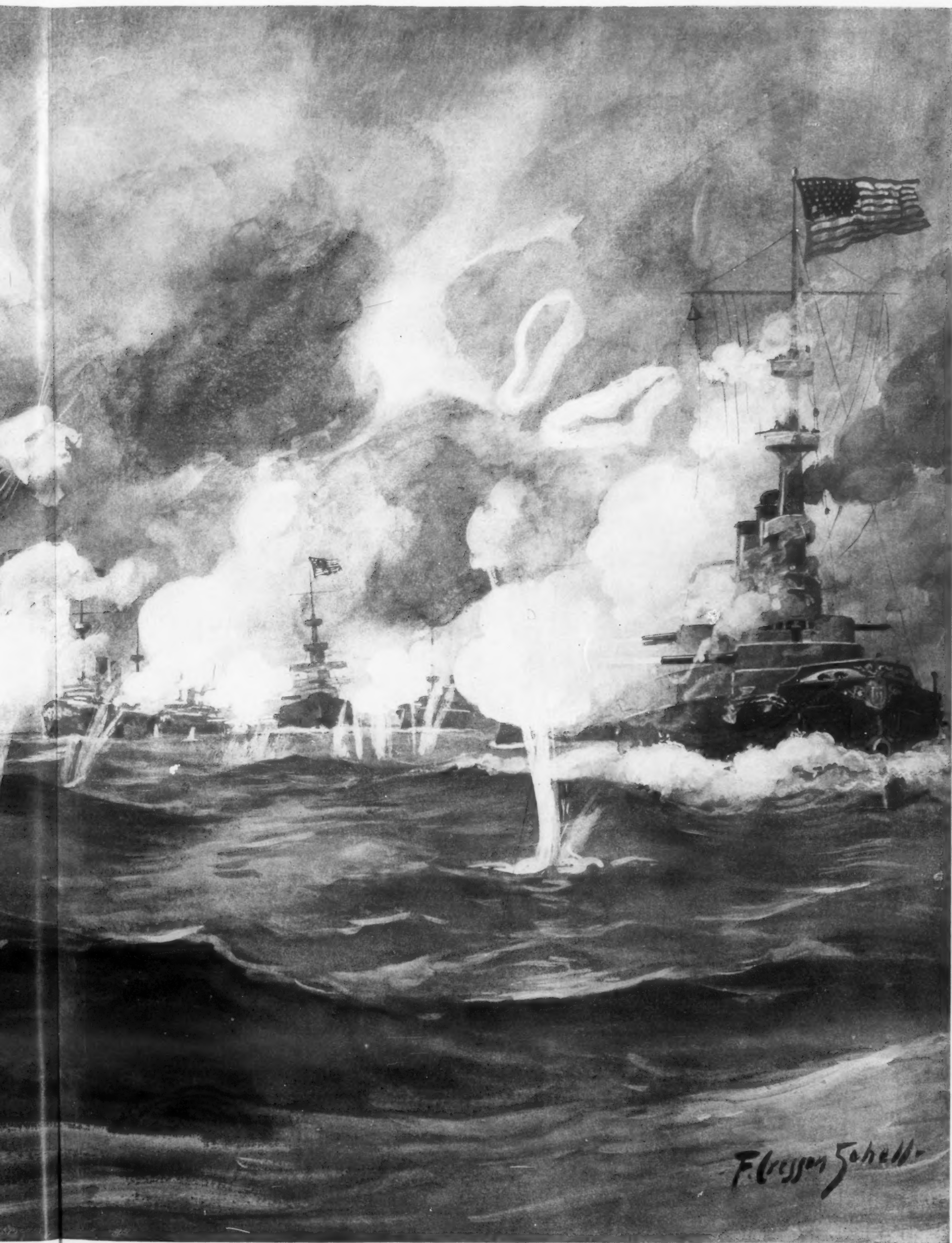


COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY, THE HERO OF THE SANTIAGO FIGHT.









N SQUADRON UNDER THE TEMPORARY COMMAND OF COMMODORE SCHLEY,  
AGO, CUBA, JULY 3D.

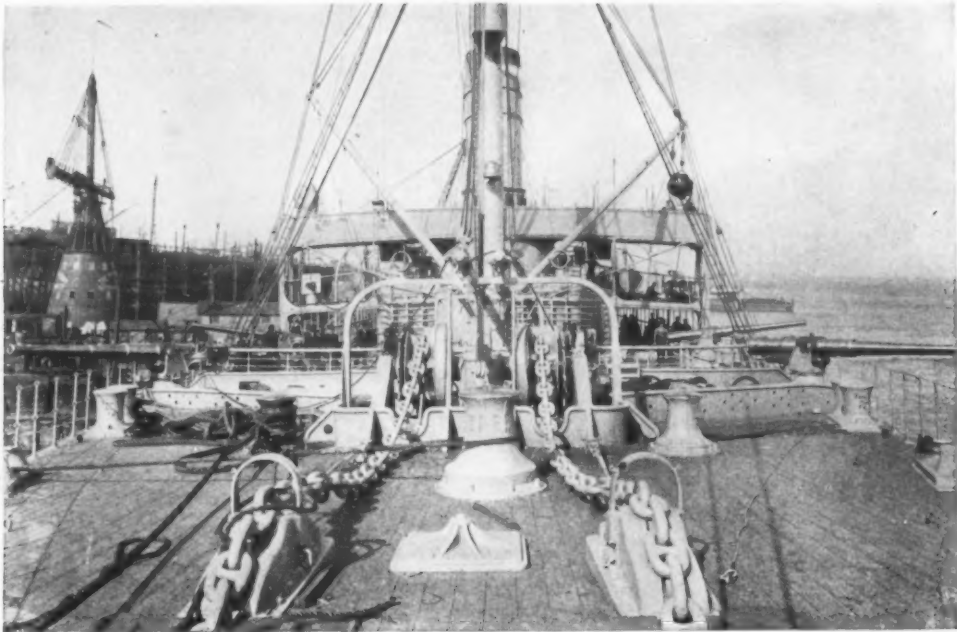
WN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.)

ON AS A FURTH-OF-JULY PRESENT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WHOLE OF CERVERA'S FLEET. NOT ONE ESCAPED."—SAMPSON.

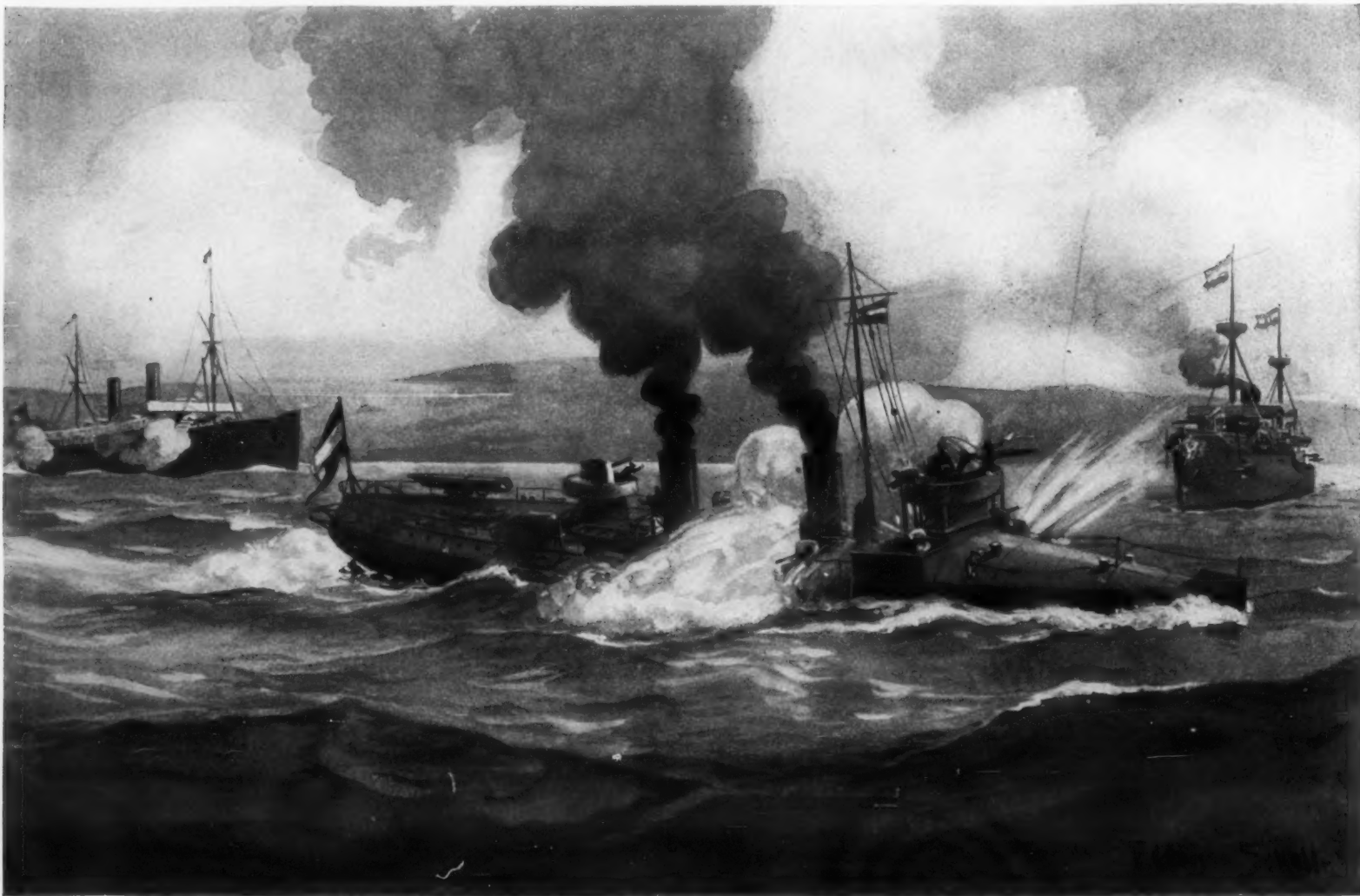




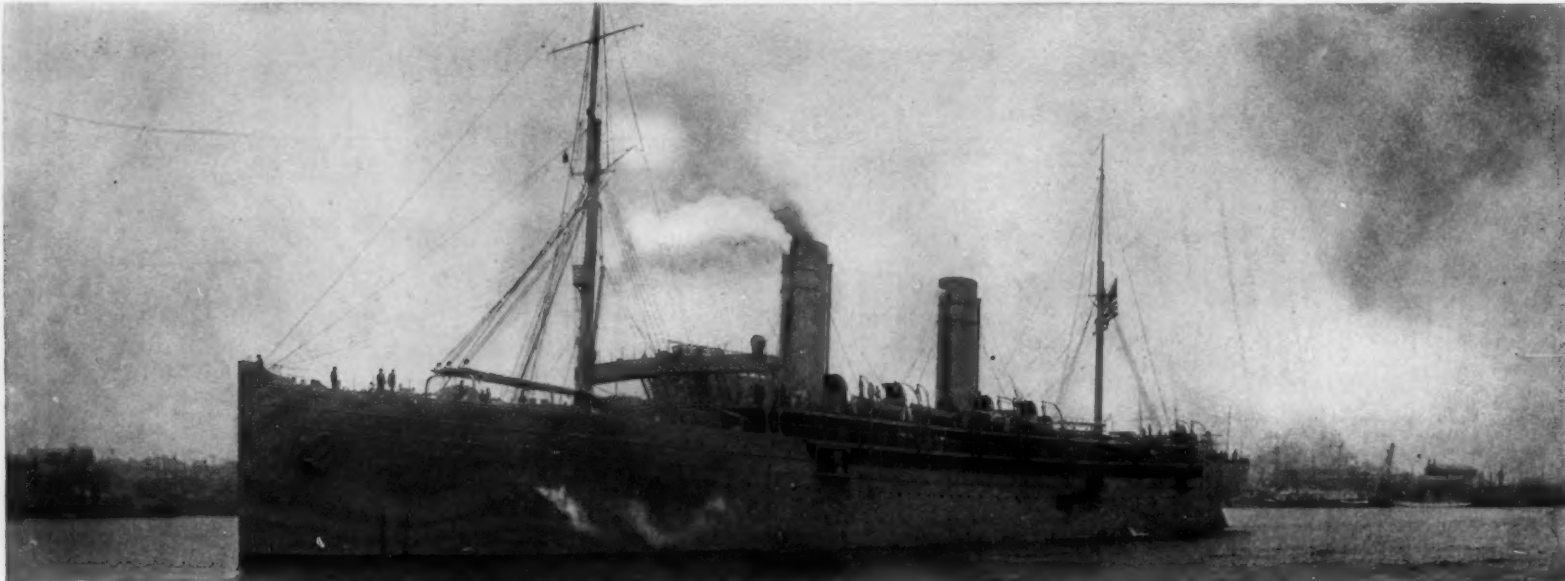
CAPTAIN SIGSBEE ON THE DECK OF THE CONVERTED CRUISER "ST. PAUL."—Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Rau.



DECK VIEW OF THE "ST. PAUL" AS SHE NOW APPEARS.—Copyright, 1898, by C. H. Graves.



THE "ST. PAUL" DISABLES THE "TERROR," A SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER, OFF SAN JUAN.  
(NOTE.—The *Terror*, on the 13th of May, pursued and almost captured the dispatch-boat of *Leslie's Weekly*, off San Juan.—Editor *Leslie's Weekly*.)



THE CONVERTED CRUISER "ST. PAUL," NOW COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN SIGSBEE.—Copyright by W. H. Rau.

THE HERO OF THE "MAINE" ON DECK AGAIN.

SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS HAVE NO TERROR FOR HIM.



great deal of good can be done by comfort-bags, which, beside their load of sewing necessities, can be used as the vehicle for good books and Testaments. Each should contain a sympathetic letter from the maker. The free use of these little bags is an important factor in the good work of the commission, and in it the ladies can aid greatly.

On the 19th of June a party of fifty marines, mostly raw recruits from the New England States and Pennsylvania, came to Key West to guard public property. They are quartered in a large cigar-factory on Whitehead Street, and the guard-house used by them is just across the street from the naval headquarters of the Christian Commission. They are fine young men, and have already established a good reputation for quietness and sobriety, in the community. They frequent the reading-room in large numbers and regularly attend the services. A large number of Naval Reserve men are also here, and they are especially appreciative of the benefits offered by the commission. Numbers of them visit the rooms on their liberty visits to the shore, and make themselves entirely at home. Many of them have been connected with the association in other cities, and are very glad to find they are not neglected, even though so far away from home and friends.

A great many think that the navy is well provided with chaplains. It is a mistake. Only a few of the larger vessels and stations have the ministrations of these excellent men. The great body of the navy is without the gospel, except as some Christian man or officer can minister to his comrades. It is to meet this want, as well as to help the men to keep sober and straight while on shore, that the commission has inaugurated this work. It has the indorsement of the best men in the navy, and is meeting a want long felt by those having the best interests of the sailor at heart. Its rooms are steadily growing in popularity and its work becoming daily more efficient, as it gradually overcomes the obstacles and disarms the prejudice that obstruct its path.

R. E. STEELE,

Chaplain New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society.

### In the Enemy's Country.

HARDSHIPS OF LIFE ABOARD THE TRANSPORTS—RELIEF OF THE TROOPS ON REACHING CUBA—A BRIEF DIARY.

(From our Special Artist at the Front.)

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "CONCHA," OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 21st, 1898.—This is the eighth day at sea. Yesterday we appeared before this port, to find the blockading fleet in position before it, but apparently no opening has been made for us to land, for after lying off the coast we were given orders to cruise toward the southwest in close order. About midnight the fleet stopped, and we lay rolling and wallowing in the deep



THE "HELENA'S" SEARCH-LIGHT.

sea-swell all night. This morning we are streaking away again for Santiago de Cuba. Last night, just before sunset, we drifted in a mile or two nearer, and could make out the upper works of the war-vessels lying close in about the entrance to the port.

While we were endeavoring to distinguish them we saw a puff of smoke shoot out from a battle-ship and grow and grow until it entirely enveloped her. The smoke had hardly cleared away before we saw another vessel go through the same performance. Just then the night shut down and we steamed away. Of course we are dying with curiosity to know what is and has been transpiring. The fleet, as it has appeared at sea, made a beautiful picture—three converging lines of fifteen vessels, each following the battle-ship *Indiana*, protected on the flank and rear by a number of gun-boats. The cruise has been entirely without event. The men have kept their health wonderfully. We have nine men only, out of 1,200 aboard, on the sick-list, and the majority of these are blacks suffering from diseases contracted in Tampa. It is amazing that every one is so well, as the ship, to my notion, is simply beastly dirty and crowded. The fact that we have had excellent weather and the men have been able to sleep on deck I suppose accounts for it.

We are still too far from shore to be able to sketch the entrance of the port and its surroundings satisfactorily. All we can discern, through our glasses, is the break in hills that marks the entrance, and the pale silhouette of the range of mountain peaks behind. I shall probably get off another letter from shore that will reach you as soon as this, but I am leaving this in the *Concha's* post-bag, to make sure it reaches you with the drawing.

10:30 P. M.—All day we have dipped and tossed on a long, smooth swell. Dispatch-boats have been coming and going, and on our northern horizon have loomed the mountains of Cuba. Just beyond our ken are the war-ships, and things that are doing. It has been most tantalizing. Just now the colonel has come aboard from the "bull ship" (i.e., headquarters) and we know already that we are to attempt a landing in the morning and our ship will be fifth in line.

June 22d: Now the curtain rises! The landing has commenced. Our war-vessels have been attacking the fortifications at Baiquiri, Aguadores, Cabanas, Siboney, and Juragua, with the intention of reducing them, so that the troops can advance



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECOND INFANTRY AND THE HUT IN WHICH THE FIRST WOUNDED ROUGH RIDERS HAD THEIR WOUNDS DRESSED.

on Santiago. The fire from the ships has been heavy and lively, and the landing is being made quite rapidly and successfully.

June 23d: The landing which began on Wednesday was completed to-day. Sixteen thousand well-equipped troops are now on Cuban soil—all landed with little resistance. Baiquiri has been abandoned by the Spanish and occupied by us. It looks as if there would be no difficulty in starting for the advance on Santiago. The health of the troops is remarkable.

June 24th, eight P. M.: No doubt you have already heard of the severe fight in which the Roosevelt Rough Riders have been engaged, and the serious loss of life they have sustained. Our advance forged ahead too rapidly, but this only indicates the eagerness of the troops to engage the Spaniards. I am more than ever convinced that this campaign will be short, sharp, and decisive. The dispatch-boat is waiting and I forbear giving further details at this time.

C. S.

### Life Insurance—Interesting Questions.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

"H. O. J.," Baltimore, Maryland: The Provident Life or the Northwestern would be my preference from among the companies you name. Why not ask the agents of the New York Life, the Equitable, and the Mutual, to give you figures also? These are the three largest companies, and after you have examined their figures you can make up your own mind as to what you want.

"W.," East Orange, New Jersey: The New York Life, I am sure, will meet your requirements.

"F.," Los Angeles, California: The Bankers Life, of Des Moines, and the Royal Arcanum are both assessment associations. I prefer the former to the latter, and I would much prefer the New York Life, the Mutual Life, or the Equitable, to either. I see nothing ahead for the Royal Arcanum and all other assessment companies but an increase of assessments from time to time.

"K.," Baltimore, Maryland: The Connecticut General is a small company, and I do not know why it will not make a loan on your policy if, as you say, you have completed all the payments. I find in its last annual statement an item of \$185,000, for "loans made in cash to policy-holders on this company's policies assigned as collateral." There may be some special reason why the company refuses to make a loan of \$500 on a paid-up policy of \$1,500. Several companies stipulate in their policies that money will be loaned on them. I could not advise you where to obtain the loan you seek.

"McC.," Cleveland, Ohio: The Knights and Ladies of Security is a fraternal beneficiary order, and if it shares the fate of other similar institutions it will have to increase its assessments as the age of its members and the ratio of its deaths increase. The plan is much like that of many other similar institutions that have organized, lived their brief existence, and gone the way of all things. If "Mc." had read this column faithfully he would understand why I do not believe that any such plan as this association offers can stand the test of time. I think this order does no business in New York State. Its annual report is not available.

"J. F. J.," San Francisco: The Union Mutual of Portland does very little business in the State of New York. It is a smaller company than any of the three great New York life institutions, and I would get the figures from the latter's agents before I reached a conclusion. (3) The A. O. U. W. will have to share the fate of all assessment companies. (3) Your circumstances should decide for you whether a tontine policy is preferable or not. (4) The Union Mutual Life reports "policy claims and death losses resisted" amounting to \$5,000; "death losses reported, no proofs received," \$51,500; "death losses in process of adjustment, or adjusted, due, about \$97,000"; and "matured endowments due and unpaid," \$18,000.

"W. F. H.," Chicago: I would prefer the Canadian Foresters to the K. O. P. M., and I would certainly prefer one of the sound old-line companies of New York to either, for the reason that the history of all assessment companies shows that assessments must inevitably be increased as the age increases, while in the old-line companies the dividends should increase with the increase of age, making the burden just so much lighter. (3) The best form of insurance depends upon your circumstances and prospects. If you are a man of limited means I would take a straight life policy of the cheapest kind—that is, provided you desire it for the protection of your family. If you are a man with a good income, and desire insurance and an investment, make your choice of any of the various forms of endowment policies offered you.

"A. L.," Canton, Mississippi: (1) I think a twenty-year life policy in the New York Equitable Life is first-class. The company certainly is. (2) The two other largest life insurance companies in the world are the Mutual Life and the New York Life.

"E.," New Rochelle, New York: The new policy of the Mutual Reserve, which I have before me, contains the clause you refer to, which permits the association to call for extra premiums or assessments, if necessary, at any time, although I am informed by the company that the rates upon which this policy is issued, being in conformity with the standard mortality tables and the experience of the oldest companies, are regarded as undoubtedly ample to meet the increasing cost due to advancing age, thus maintaining premiums uniform throughout life.

"O. A.," Maquoketh, Iowa: Your policy in the Northwestern Mutual ought to be good, though perhaps your complaint in reference to the form of the contract may have something in it. I would not change it, if you have paid the premiums right along. Any of the great New York companies makes a good contract. I am glad that you appreciate the importance of understanding the terms of your policy. If every one else did the same, there would be less trouble with insurance companies. (2) I do not know anything about the Iowa company you refer to. Perhaps you have not given me its full or proper title. (3) At your age and under your circumstances, a straight life policy in any of the great companies would be most profitable and economical.

"T. P. E.," Buffalo, New York: The Mutual Union, of Rochester, is a very small assessment concern. Its total income during last year was only about \$10,000, and of this \$7,300 went for expenses and man-

agement. It reports a number of losses and claims scaled down and compromised last year. I should prefer insurance in a larger company.

*The Herma.*

### Dental Surgery in the Army.

AN URGENT PLEA FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF DENTISTS BY THE GOVERNMENT.

OUR government surrounds her enlisted men with comfortable sanitary quarters, supplies them with good, wholesome food, and enforces physical exercise for the proper maintenance of good health. During illness the hospital facilities are of the best, and only skilled surgeons and thoroughly trained assistants are employed. The latest improved surgical instruments and the best medicinal agents are used, regardless of cost. All portions of the human organism are guarded with care, excepting one of the most important, the dental organs. What part of the physique is of more importance than the teeth? And if they be extracted or diseased the whole system suffers, and perhaps beyond remedy.

We have neglected the blessings of dental science. Statistics show that ninety per cent. of the people of this country need dental attention, while only twenty per cent. receive the same. Dr. Otto Arnold forcibly remarked, while speaking on that subject to the Ohio State Dental Society:

In our army there is great susceptibility to the insidious process of dental caries, which is no respecter of persons, and has no limit; for other diseases may come and go, but dental caries, when once begun, like the brook, goes on forever.

In many instances persons suffering with dental disturbances are totally incompetent for the performance of their regular duties. When dental caries reaches a certain stage, and if the skilled knowledge of the dentist is not employed, the extraction of the offending tooth is necessary, which results in impairing the utility of the antagonizing tooth, causing the adjoining teeth to lean toward the space from which the tooth was extracted, due to the stress of mastication, injuring articulation and making mastication more difficult. The loss of several teeth will so impair mastication that constitutional disturbances will often result.

Proper dental attention would decrease the retired list, and many valuable men would be retained in the service who are now disqualified; diagnosed as dyspeptics, because suffering from indigestion traceable to lack of proper masticating facilities. Assimilation is imperfect unless there is proper mastication of the foods, and where there is mal-assimilation the susceptibility to contagious diseases—diarrhea, dysentery, etc.—is exceedingly great, and the effects of fatigue are more rapid and lasting.

The dental surgeon would be of invaluable benefit to the general surgeon in cases of gun-shot wounds or other injuries to the mouth or face. The dental surgeon would be of valuable assistance on the examining board in preventing the enlistment of men with defective teeth. An almost accurate means of identification would be available from the charts kept by the dental surgeon. We have in the army veterinary surgeons, but is the care of the horse of more importance than the proper care of the men, and do they have proper care if dental surgery is lacking?

CHARLES C. STANLEY, D.D.S.

### Financial—A Period of Unrest.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

I STILL believe that with \$200,000,000 government three per cents, free of taxes, offered at par, and the probability that \$200,000,000 more will be offered within a few months, the present prices of gilt-edged railroad investments seem unwarrantably high. For instance, Rock Island fours at their present figure net about 3 85, while New York Central three and a half per cents. at present yield the investor only about 3.35 per cent. per annum. After the taxes have been paid on such securities, what is left for the investor? And the tax-collector is getting to be more inquisitive every year.

The redeeming feature of the entire situation, of course, is the continuation of our enormous exports of agricultural products, bread-stuffs and provisions, and the overwhelming balance of trade in our favor. The stock market could have no greater sustaining force than it derives from this remarkably favorable commercial condition.

"C. S.," Paterson, New Jersey: Cotton Oil preferred at the present quotation looks low. But Cotton Oil is suffering considerably from outside competition, as the business does not require heavy capital to engage in it. Its managers, however, feel confident of its future. (2) Atchison Adjustment Fours are a good purchase on every decline. They have been very strong, and I advised their purchase when they sold much lower.

"O. H.," Philipsburg, Pennsylvania: Marsden common stock is a Philadelphia product. Its prospectus promised a great future for the Marsden products, which are made from corn-stalks. The stock is now selling at about a third or a quarter of the price it was offered at a year ago, but I am unable to speak of its merits. It is largely an experimental scheme, and I do not see how the corn-stalk products can be so protected by patents that any one cannot engage in the business.

"J.," Newburg, New York, writes: "Your column and 'Hermit's' are very interesting, and are worth the price of the paper." I thank "J." for his appreciative words. He asks if I would advise him to invest \$300, which he now has in bank earning four per cent., in the new government three-per-cent. This was answered last week in this column. A registered bond is the better if you intend to keep it. Coupon bonds can be transferred, the same as any other stock or bonds. Registering it makes it safer for you, because, if lost or stolen, it cannot be transferred without your consent, and it is therefore of little value to any one else. Coupon bonds are not thus protected.

"W. G.," Meadville, Pennsylvania: I cannot give you any information in reference to the building association you mention. Consult a commercial agency.

"Troy," New York City: I cannot express an opinion in reference to Maryland Coal, for I can ascertain little about it. It is not an active stock.

"F. R.," Des Moines, Iowa: I would not think of such a thing as selling New York Central short. I would rather purchase it as an investment. The price looks high, but economies now being enforced will give this stock a much higher value than it has had heretofore, as an investment.

"Investor," Rochester: It is always well to accept such a handsome profit as you say you have. You are then prepared to buy in again at any decline that may come in an emergency.

"S. R.," Mobile: St. Paul preferred is an excellent and reliable investment stock. It should sell as high as Northwestern preferred.

JASPER.

### ALWAYS WATCHFUL.

THE milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.

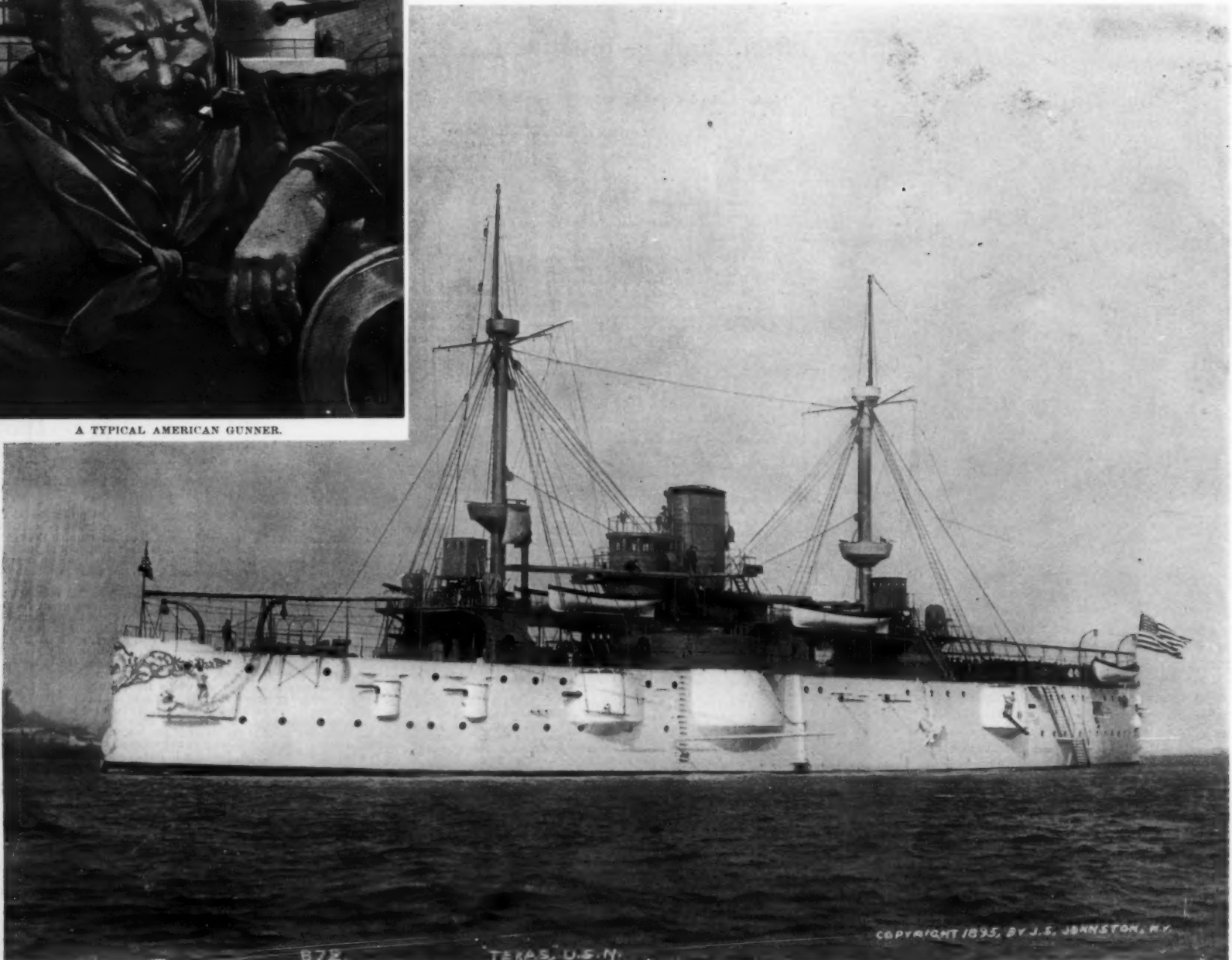




CREW OF THE "TEXAS."  
Copyright by Prince, Washington.



A TYPICAL AMERICAN GUNNER.



THE "HOODOO" OF OUR NAVY IS NOW ITS HERO.

THE SUPERB BATTLESHIP "TEXAS" AND HER TYPICAL AMERICAN CREW





### "SHOOTING THE RAPIDS"

is often very risky business. Trust only in an experienced guide—one with a cool head and a strong arm.

SHAVING is risky, too, unless you have just the right shaving soap. In many soaps, disease germs, rank poison, smarting and burning sensations are the Hidden Rocks that threaten your safety, health, and comfort. Don't shave with soaps you know nothing about. Trust only in shaving soaps of known purity and long-established reputation.

You can always rely on the absolute purity and safety of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS, while the rich, cooling lather insures a degree of ease, comfort and luxury in shaving afforded by no other soaps.

Does your barber use WILLIAMS' SOAP? Do you?

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents.  
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents. Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cents.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet.  
Trial Cake for 2c. Stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.  
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**Capto**  
(REGISTERED)

**The Only Dandruff Cure**

The Capto Hair Tonic is a new and invaluable discovery made by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, Dr. P. J. Eichhoff, Professor of Dermatology, Elberfeld, Germany.

Capto completely eradicates scurf and dandruff in 10 to 14 days, and is a sure preventive of baldness. (See Deutsche Medizin, Wochenschrift, 1897, No. 41.)

Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures.

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**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.**

**Cascarets**  
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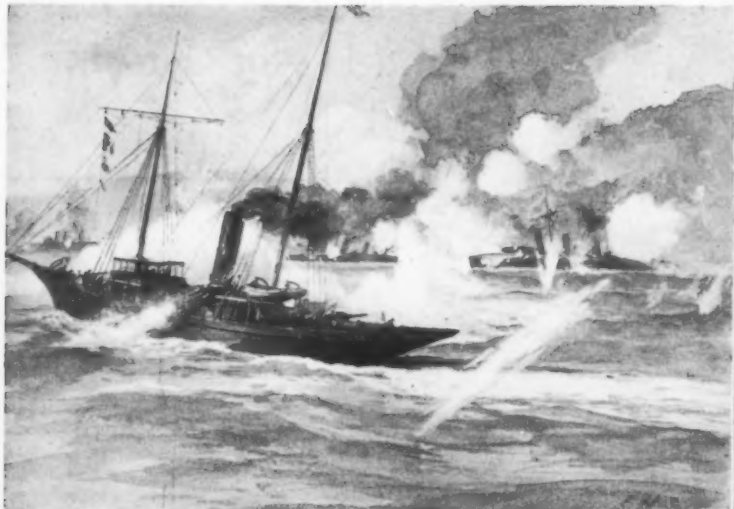
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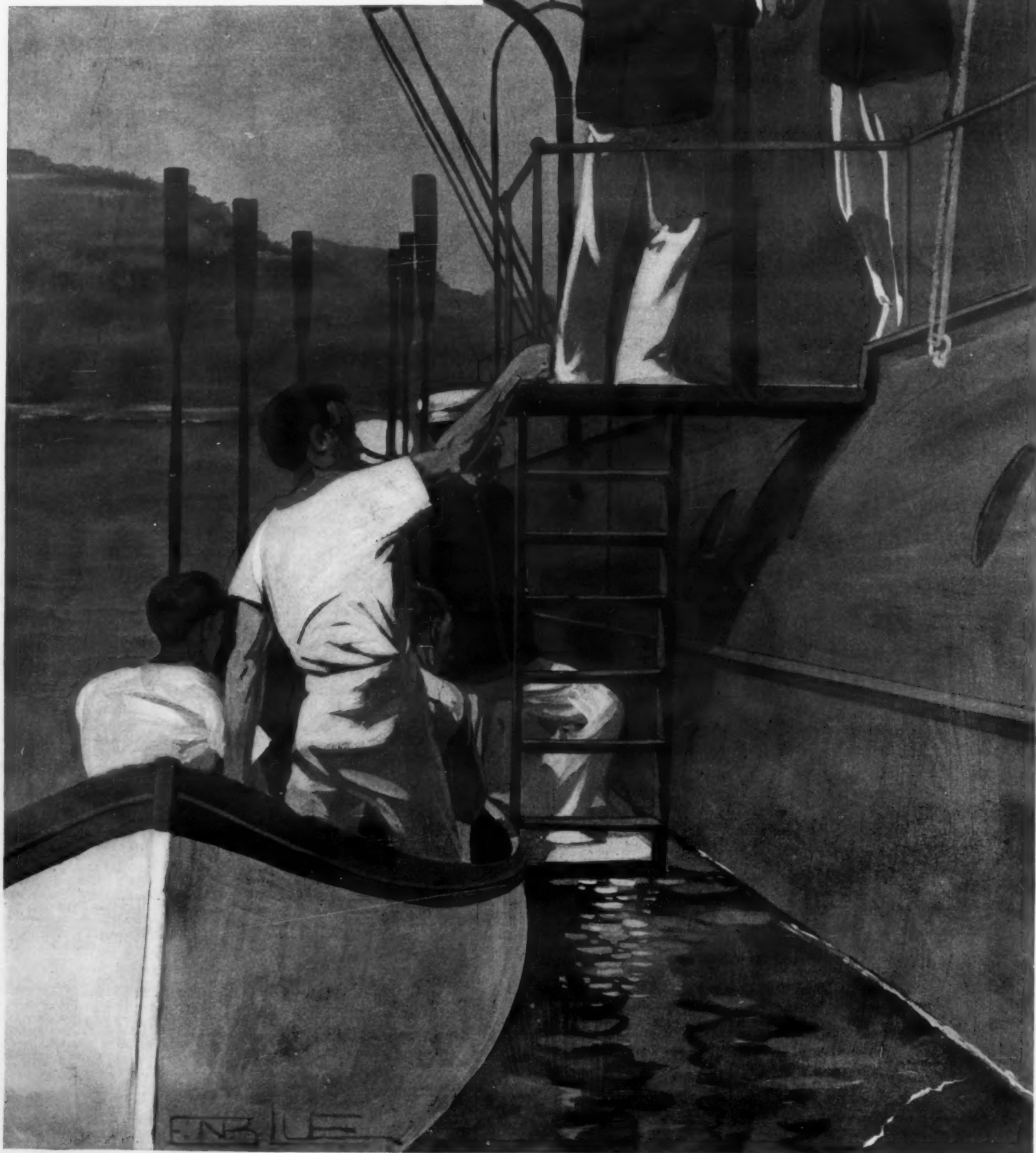
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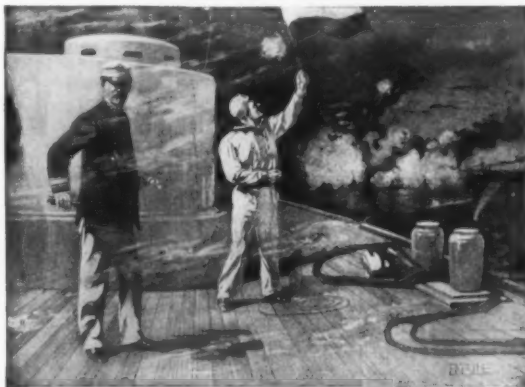
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